GOURMET GOLD EDITION

Teaching Swatting

by Frank Mariser

SHOUT
SHARE
IT

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Frank Markser

Teaching swapping

CHAPTER ONE

The warm spring had finally come to Winter Garden, Florida. The light overland breeze from the nearby Gulf of Mexico no longer held that slightly chill dampness of a week ago, and the southern sun hanging low in the west was like a molten gold coin in the perfect unbroken blue of the sky. Everybody was soaking up the sun, starting their first tan of the year with the still gentle rays – another week and it would be so scorching hot here by the pool the skin would blister and peel, but now it would slowly foster a bronze, bum-proof skin good for the rest of the summer.

At the semi-exclusive Teachers' Country Club, the fine weather had brought out the members in droves. The swimming pool glistened blue-green beneath the gracefully dipping palm trees, and the bolder teachers had come with their swim suits prepared to take advantage of the inviting, freshly cleaned pool.

Lying side by side at the edge of the sparkling clear water, two attractive wives so much alike they could be twins were exposing as much of themselves to the sun as they could in public. They lay as though asleep or dead, only the slow rise and fall of the smooth tautness of their bellies attesting to the fact that they were very much alive.

Watching the two blondes sunning themselves, Fred Furness wondered for the hundredth time why the one who was Tommy Singleton's wife, Linda, turned him on so much. Sure, she had long, sleekly tapering legs that flared out from her wide inviting hips into shapely thighs and calves. But so did his own wife Grace lying beside her. True, she had firmly pointed breasts out to here, but they were no better than Grace's. Fred couldn't deny that Linda Singleton had lusciously rounded ass-cheeks, almost completely visible under the scanty bikini when she walked, but Grace would not suffer from comparison.

Then, why, he asked himself again, why did Tommy's wife interest him so much he could hardly take his eyes off her young body whenever they were together? Fred Furness looked back and forth from his wife to his friend's wife over and over, at the same time reminding himself that he had absolutely no complaints about his own wife as a woman in bed. She was more than enough for any man, even one as naturally horny as he himself had always been.

Suddenly, he thought he had the answer to his own question.

Maybe it was because Linda Singleton thought she was above it all. She was so aloof in her manner that it somehow bugged Fred Furness. It was as though she knew his mind was obsessed by sex and

passion, and to her that made him dirty, beneath contempt. She never seemed to vie with the other women for the attentions of men, no matter on how innocent a level it was conducted. Most of the wives occasionally flirted with husbands not their own, even the women who would never dream of being unfaithful and going to bed with another man. But Linda had had a very puritanical upbringing. She thought that that kind of thing with any man except her own husband was an unforgivable transgression against her marriage vows. In other words, he thought, she was what he called a goody-goody girl, and such people always presented a challenge to him he could not ignore.

It was true, he reflected, that the Singletons had been married only a few weeks, and maybe her attitude was understandable. But Furness and Tommy Singleton had been colleagues as high school coaches for a long time, and he had known his friend's new bride Linda almost as long as her husband. They had been dating each other for over a year before finally getting married, and from Tommy's stories, as well as from his own personal observations, Fred had sized up her prudishness. He had even warned Tommy in private that such a woman might prove to be a problem after they were married. Naturally, Tommy could only think of the delights her body promised him, and Linda had had enough instinctive femininity to let Tommy get tantalizingly close from time to time, always putting off the moment of truth until after the wedding. The old carrot-in-front-of-the-horse game, Fred mused sarcastically.

As he watched from his rattan chair near the poolside where he and Tommy Singleton had been having a drink, the two wives walked past him toward the low diving board. They were going to cool themselves in the water again after fifteen minutes in the hot, slow-broiling sun. Fred Furness deliberately let Linda Singleton catch him staring lasciviously at her swinging loins barely covered by the brief white bikini. When she walked, she inadvertently swayed her hips in an enticing manner that some women had to practice for years. Her blue eyes opened wide at his undisguised interest, and he playfully winked at her, making the action obscenely suggestive enough to make her blush. She jerked her head disdainfully, turning her eyes away from his and forming a little pout of disgust with her full lips that had a damp sparkle to them.

He decided then and there that he would find a way to get into her prissy little panties, and soon. He would teach her to treat his natural impulses as though they were crude and coarse. The self-satisfied little bitch, he growled softly to himself as he made a forced smile for his wife's benefit. He could see that Grace had noticed what had happened and sensed what his reaction would be. Thank God, he thought, that Grace felt about these matters just as he did. In the past

she had even helped him to make out with other women, and he had never hesitated to let her have a little fun on the side either. They had found after the first five years of their marriage that an occasional taste of "strange", as they called it, made what they had together even better.

As the wives climbed the short ladder to the diving board, Fred glanced toward the self-service bar to see if he could spot Tommy getting them new gin and tonics.

As her hands grasped the cool metal of the iron ladder, Linda Singleton stole another secret look at Fred Furness, his head turned away as if he were looking for someone. What a disgusting man, the lovely young blonde thought. Although she knew he couldn't be over thirty-five at the most, he had developed a slight paunch from inactivity, his otherwise muscular body slightly flabby for the same reason. She could see that he must have been a well-built, ruggedly handsome man at one time like her husband Tommy, and she hoped that Tommy would take better care of himself than that. Fred's stomach was covered by coarse black strands of hair thickening toward the waistband of his scarlet swimming trunks, but that wouldn't bother her if it weren't for the slight bulge. And the thinning hair forming a black widow's peak above his forehead would look distinguished if his face beneath weren't so vulgar with the full sensual lips and deep-set dark eyes that always seemed to be undressing women.

She reached the top of the ladder and watched Grace ahead of her preparing to take a dive. Still young and vivacious at twenty-eight, it would be easy to believe it if Grace said she was twenty-one. Her flesh was still smooth and supple, even at the creased juncture of her upper thighs and softly rounded buttocks where most women started showing their age very early. As Linda watched her friend in front of her flex her calf muscles and prepare to make a spring, she wondered how such a sweet girl could stand kissing her animal brute of a husband, not to mention having his rough hirsute fingers touching the tender curves of her body. Shivering slightly as she thought of it, Linda told herself it was bad enough putting up with the insistent nightly demands of her own husband Tommy these last few weeks, and she hoped and prayed that he would soon get over his initial hunger for her flesh and settle for making love once or twice a week.

But he seemed to be getting worse, not better, she reflected. Just last night, for instance, Tommy had tried to get her to put her mouth on him down there under the covers, only giving up when she had burst into tears and begged him not to make her do it. After that, he had mumbled something she didn't understand under his breath and turned on his side, his back to her.

The innocent young bride still couldn't quite believe that the man she had married had tried to force her to do that. It was something she had only heard some of the bolder girls at school whispering about, an act so obviously perverse and degrading that she was sure only the most debased and lewd professional prostitutes would submit to performing it on any man.

Thankfully, her thoughts returned to the present as Grace rose from the spring-board in front of her in a graceful toe-touching dive and entered the water without a splash. Linda watched as her body plunged deep into the pool and then arched and broke through the rippled surface at the far end of the pool. Grace began treading water with effortless ease and looked back in Linda's direction, giving her head a shake to throw her wet golden hair back over her shoulders.

"Come on, Linda. It feels sooo good," she laughed.

Without hesitating, Linda took two steps and bounced upward once from the board, doing a jackknife just as perfectly as her companion. She curved through the water and bobbed up to the surface a few inches away from Grace, her skin thrilling from the refreshing coolness of the water. Then together they swam lazily across the length of the pool and pulled themselves dripping up the ladder out of the water. Half a minute later, they were stretched out once more side by side, this time on their stomachs.

Fred Furness had watched with appreciation the two wives plunging one after the other into the pool, feeling a sudden warm tingle down in his loins at the view of Linda's tautly stretched buttocks when she doubled over in the air to touch her toes. Boy, would I like to get into her from behind like that, he groaned to himself. And then he noticed Tommy crossing the patio with the drinks.

It was obvious to Fred as he watched the young coach weaving his way through the scattered chairs and assorted sunbathers that Tommy was staring with greedy relish at the provocatively swaying hips not of his own wife, but of Fred's wife, Grace. The germ of an idea began to form in Fred's head, and by the time the ladies were abandoning themselves to the sun's rays again and Tommy had taken his seat beside him, Fred had concocted a plan. He knew that Grace would go along with it – she had always done so in the past.

"She's quite a woman, isn't she," Furness said in an insinuating tone.

"Who?" Tommy Singleton asked innocently, embarrassed to think that his friend might have seen him ogling his wife Grace.

"I mean both of them," Fred laughed. "No need to get nervous about it, Tommy. I don't blame you for looking. I'd do the same in your place." He made a short pause, and then added, "I wish I could do more than that." His voice seemed sad and wistful.

"What do you mean?" Tommy demanded. This was the first he had heard of any problems of this kind between Fred and Grace.

"I mean just what it sounds like," Fred answered a little defensively. "At first I was a little ashamed to admit it, but our doctor says it happens to a lot of guys. He insists that it's only temporary impotence – probably psychological, and it'll cure itself in time. But it's hell to go through, let me tell you."

Tommy didn't know what to say. He couldn't think of a worse fate for a man – especially if he was married to a woman as lively and alluring as Grace. Without meaning to, he glanced once more at the supine figure of Fred's wife. She was reaching behind her back to undo the snap of her bikini top, unconsciously squirming her hips against the red towel she was lying on as she struggled with the clasp. Finally she managed to get it loose, and the restraining fabric fell away from her full mounds, giving him a brief unexpected glimpse of the white firmness of her right breast before she pressed her torso back down onto the towel. Then she wriggled her firmly rounded buttocks once or twice to get comfortable, and Tommy felt a slight tremble and jerk of his penis inside his tight swimming trunks. God, that woman couldn't help but look sexy, whatever she did!

"Yeah," Fred Furness breathed hoarsely beside him. "It's even worse for poor Grace. She's always been almost insatiable in bed, and now…" he let his voice trail away, a look of anxiety crossing his features.

"And now, what?" Tommy asked softly, wondering what else could be bothering him.

"Hell, I can't expect her to go on forever without a little action from time to time. I just hope she has the good sense to get it from somebody who won't get any ideas of splitting us up or causing some kind of trouble," Furness scowled. "We've had too many good years together. We're really a good match under normal circumstances, and I don't relish the idea of some perfect stranger screwing us up." He chewed his lower lip for a moment in a nervous gesture Tommy had seen him use when he was worried about his football team losing a game. "Oh, well, what happens, happens, and that's all there is to it," he added at length, pretending bitterness, and then he lifted his gin and tonic and drank over half of it without stopping for breath.

"Hey, take it easy on that stuff, Coach," Tommy chided him. He hated to see his long-time friend in such a state. "The season may be over, but you can't afford to break training at your age," the younger men laughed half-heartedly.

"What do you mean, at my age? You clown, I'll race you five lengths of the pool right now," he growled in a realistic tone of belligerence, slipping his feet out of the rubber sandals he was

wearing and plunging into the pool after three running strides.

Tommy was surprised, but nevertheless he hit the water only a split second behind him, and they swam to the far end of the pool and kicked off from the wall together. Their wives watched with interest as their two athletic husbands raced back and forth, their faces distorted out of shape each time they heaved themselves up at the end of a lap and gasped for air to fill their lungs. Neither of them could gain an inch on the other, and they finally touched the concrete on the fifth lap at exactly the same instant, making it a tie.

"Bravo, Hercules!" Grace Furness shouted, clapping her hands, forgetting for the moment her breasts were uncovered. Then she squealed in laugher and cupped them in the tiny halter, but not before the winded swimmers had glimpsed the rosy hardened tips of her nipples.

Linda Singleton was both proud of her own husband and amazed that Fred Furness could keep up with him. Then when she saw the unmistakable look of desire pass over her husband Tommy's face as he stared at Grace's full breasts exposed briefly to his view, she was filled with an uncontrollable jealous anger, turning her face away from his smile when he looked at her. The nerve, she thought. It's bad enough that he has a one-track mind with me at home, but to stare brazenly at his friend's wife like that is too much.

Tommy noticed her look of distaste and felt mildly annoyed that it should bother her. It was perfectly natural and human for him to look at women – and he wasn't going to stop just because he was now married.

Later the four of them had dinner together in the club before they would have to return to the condominium apartments they had bought in the same complex of buildings. When the two wives excused themselves to go to the powder room, Fred Furness again brought up the subject of his problem with Grace.

"I've been thinking, Tommy," he began. "You and I have known each other for a long time now. I consider you one of my best friends. I know that I could trust you."

Tommy Singleton wondered what Fred was leading up to, but didn't say anything. It was obviously doing Fred good in his dejected state to talk.

"I think Grace really digs you," Furness went on. "And unless I'm wrong, you kind of like her too. Right?"

Tommy's heart was suddenly beating loudly in his temples. Slowly it was dawning on him what his friend was trying to say, and the thought both confused and excited the frustrated young man.

"What I'm trying to say is, why don't you do me a big favor – and Grace, and yourself – by dropping over some afternoon when I'm not

around. Let whatever happens between you happen, and maybe she won't be forced to go looking around for some dumb salesman or garage attendant to satisfy her needs." The look on Fred Furness' face was sincerely pleading for understanding.

Tommy couldn't believe his ears. He was actually being offered a chance to screw his friend's wife, an idea that had crossed his mind over and over again long before he had met and recently married Linda. He had always rejected the impulse for fear of alienating his good friend, but here the older man was offering his woman freely with no strings attached as though she were a piece of property to be passed around at will.

"Uh, I'd like to help you out, Fred, but you can imagine how Linda would feel," he stalled for time. "And what about Grace? She might not like being treated like a piece of furniture that you can do what you want to with." At the same time as Tommy was offering up objections, his mind was already picturing the physical treats this more experienced woman could offer him with her body. It might be the best thing that ever happened to him, with his bride Linda holding so much of herself back. He didn't know how much longer he could hold out without doing a little running around himself or, what would be worse, losing his patience and perhaps turning his wife against him forever.

"There's no reason why Linda would ever have to know," Fred insisted as he worked to persuade Tommy to agree to at least try. "And I'll talk to Grace about it tonight when we get home. From things she said in the past, though, I think she'll like the idea." Furness waved his hand as if putting aside all the possible objections that Tommy could come up with. "After all, she has a hunger that has to be fed, and if I know women, it'll be a while before your wife Linda will be able to satisfy your appetite. Why shouldn't the two of you get together? And knowing as I do the way Grace gets so turned on she abandons herself completely to sex, I'd rather know who it is giving her a tumble in my bed."

At that moment, the two wives returned to the table, and the proposal was left that way – Fred would call Tommy from his office in the gym the next day and tell him what Grace thought of the idea.

Even though he knew it was an idea that only a short time ago would have been unthinkable for him, Tommy now found it so exciting that he could hardly keep his eyes off Grace, imagining the things he would like to do to her in bed.

Naturally, his new young wife Linda noticed everything, but it only made things worse. That night, she refused to let Tommy make love to her, saying she didn't appreciate his getting heated up by looking at another woman all evening and then taking it out on her.

That settled it for Tommy Singleton.

If he was going to stick out this marriage until Linda got over some of her sexual hang-ups, he was going to have to release his tensions elsewhere. By the time he was falling into a troubled sleep beside the softly breathing warmth of Linda's body, it was all he could do to keep from masturbating to ease the unsatisfied ache in his loins. Instead, he merely rolled onto his side when he was sure Linda was sound asleep and lightly rested the full length of his rigidly erect penis in the tantalizing narrow crease between her rounded buttocks. Jesus Christ, he muttered to himself angrily when she unconsciously cringed away from the pulsing hotness of his excitedly throbbing shaft. Even in her sleep she reacts against sexual passion.

Her action of repulsion angered him even further and caused his hardness to suddenly subside as if he had been dashed with cold water. He finally dropped off to sleep feeling utterly rejected by her, dreaming of a beautiful mermaid who called to him to come to her and feed her craving, abruptly waking up in the middle of the night from a wet dream. The mermaid had been slowly lowering her soft mouth down over his pulsating, hard cock and his dammed-up semen had spurted endlessly between her sensual lips turned up in a seductive smile around his thick shaft. He got up and showered before returning to sleep, first hiding the sperm-soaked pajamas where Linda wouldn't find them.

It'll serve the frigid little bitch right if I have to fuck another woman to be satisfied, he mumbled to himself through clenched teeth as he lay on the bed as far away from her as he could get.

CHAPTER TWO

The next morning was a working school day, and Tommy Singleton awoke earlier than usual, wondering why he was feeling such a sense of anticipation and excitement. He glanced briefly at the still sleeping form of his wife Linda, clad only in a short nightie of sheer nylon that hid nothing of her physical charms from his view. She was lying flat on her back, her creamy white thighs exposed all the way to the softly enticing little triangle of blonde curls up between their firmly rounded smoothness. He could see the inviting pink folds of her pussy pouting chastely up between her slightly spread legs, and he wanted more than anything at that moment to drop his head down there and thrust his tongue deep up into her unprotected innocent cunt, but he knew that she would never permit him to enjoy himself that way – or permit herself to enjoy it, he added grimly. Hungrily he let his eyes pass on up over the filmy fabric clinging to her taut white belly to the delectable little indentation of her navel clearly visible through the sheer garment and farther up to the sweeping rise of her fully ripe breasts. Little upward thrusts were made where the tiny pink buds of her nipples pressed teasingly up against the thin nylon, and he licked his lips at the delicious sight before reluctantly turning away to get dressed.

As he finished shaving and looked at himself in the mirror, he suddenly remembered why he felt so anxious to get out of the house and off to school. He smiled at his image with a boyish grin, his brown eyes sparkling with unconcealed joy as he recalled the conversation with his fellow coach, Fred Furness, the day before. He could hardly wait to get that phone call he had been promised. Being involved for so long with the girl he had just married, it had been easy to forget for the time being that he had always been attractive to women, and now he found himself bursting with a renewed energy. He pulled on the loose velour slip-over sweater that only coaches could get by with in a public school, unable to resist admiring the way it clung to his muscular shoulders and chest. Hell I'm practically irresistible, he grinned into the mirror, and then he left the house quietly, getting into his yellow sports car with a feeling of elation he had not experienced for what seemed like years.

Avoiding the usual bull session taking place in the faculty room at the school, Tommy went directly to his tiny office behind the gymnasium and watched the telephone as if he could make it ring with his eyes. When it finally did jingle in two short bursts after the end of the second period, he was sitting ready to answer it and held it up to his ear before the bell stopped sounding.

"Hello, Fred?" he blurted into the instrument anxiously.

"Hi, is that you, Tommy?" came the soft feminine voice.

It was Grace Furness, Fred's wife! Her sweetly seductive voice seemed to flutter inside his ear, making his body ache with desire.

"Yes. Grace?" he stammered. "I-I was expecting to hear from Fred." He wondered if something had gone wrong.

"Yes, I know. But I thought it would be better if I called you myself. I think we ought to have a little talk," she breathed into the phone.

"I, uh, fine," Tommy managed to say. "When would be a good time?"

"How about this afternoon, right after school?" Grace asked. "Fred tells me you don't have a practice on for today – he does, though."

"Right. And I'm free last period too," he offered, regaining some of his composure after the shock of hearing her voice instead of the one he had expected.

"Why don't you come by as soon as you can then," Grace suggested. "We can have a drink and see how we feel. Okay?"

"Okay! Great," Tommy replied, his pulse beginning to race as he detected the promise in her voice. "Say about two-thirty or so?"

"If that's as soon as you can make it, fine with me," she teased. Then she laughed and added, "Just don't waste any time with those dikes from the women's physical education department."

"Don't worry about that," Tommy put in, feeling bolder by the minute as he heard her expressing her own anticipation and interest. "I never waste time with women who are duds."

She laughed again, louder this time. "I'm sure you don't, lover. See you later."

"Yeah, later," Tommy responded, and then they hung up.

It was all he could do to keep his mind on his work until he finished with the last group of students. When they had finally dispersed with the buzzer signaling the end of sixth period, Tommy grabbed up the small bag containing his street clothes without bothering to change from his coaching shorts. He left the office in the gym the way it was, knowing that the custodian would lock up before the day was over and ran to his car in the parking lot.

It was close to three o'clock when Tommy's wife Linda finally decided she needed to talk to somebody. She never expected her husband home before at least four or four-thirty, and she felt she really needed an outlet for her confused feelings before she had to face him again.

After thinking about it, she knew there was only one person who would be willing to listen, and perhaps would have some good advice for her.

Grace Furness.

She hated to do it, even though she liked Grace well enough to become close friends with her. But she had formed an almost instantaneous aversion to Grace's husband Fred, and she felt this would always stand in the way of any intimate contact socially with Grace. Even so, she decided, there just wasn't anybody else she could talk to, and Grace was conveniently nearby – you could see the back windows of the Furness apartment across the courtyard of the condominium.

Without any further hesitation, not even bothering to call first since they lived so close, Linda slipped on her sandals with crepe rubber soles and stepped out of the apartment.

Speaking to the other young wives she encountered on the way, Linda looked at their unconcerned smiling faces and wondered if any of them had gone through the same experiences when they were first married that she was now going through. They all seemed contented and happy, and it was hard for her to believe that they could have had any serious problems. She reluctantly admitted to herself as she waited for the elevator up to the fifth floor that it was possible her difficulties with Tommy were all her own fault.

It seemed impossible, but maybe she was just too darned prudish in her outlook on sex, she reflected. She had always thought of herself as a liberated woman who had rejected the outdated ways of her parents' generation, but who was to say that some of their outmoded thinking about sex hadn't been so deeply instilled in her from an early age that she didn't even know it was affecting her.

She sighed heavily as the door of the elevator opened onto the fifth floor corridor. It'll be difficult, she told herself as she turned left and started for the Furness' door, but I've got to try to be absolutely frank with Grace, making it very clear what it is I want to ask her about. She was trying to form the words in her mind for all the questions she had – mostly about the perverse demands Tommy had been making since they were married, when finally she found herself standing outside the thin wood door of Grace and Fred's apartment.

Her index finger was poised over the button of the doorbell, ready to ring, when suddenly she froze in place, the unexpected sounds coming to her ears through the door shocking her into immobility.

"Let me suck you first," came the voice of Grace Furness, husky with passion and desire. She and whoever she was talking to must have been just inside the foyer entrance to the apartment, her words were so clear to Linda's hearing.

There was a mumble of a man's lower voice saying something she couldn't understand, followed by the harsh metallic sound of a zipper being opened.

"Oohhh, it's so big and hard, lover," came Grace's voice again. "Can I kiss it here?"

Instead of an answer, Linda heard a low moan of pleasure unlike anything she had ever heard before. She stood like a stone statue in the hall, the overpowering sounds rushing through her mind so loud she thought she must be about to faint and fall to the floor. The moaning male voice continued for what seemed an eternity, and then Grace's voice came to her through the door again.

"Mmmmmm, you've really got a nice prick," Linda distinctly heard her say. "Come on into the bedroom. You can hear everything through these paper-thin doors."

There came the sound of retreating footsteps inside, and then there was silence, only the deafening rushing in Linda's mind going on and on as she tried to comprehend and accept what she had just overheard without meaning to eavesdrop.

Abruptly, as though a warning signal had gone off inside her head, she turned and raced down the hallway to the stairwell, not willing to wait for the elevator again. She ran until she was back in her own home, confusion running rampant through her thoughts.

She had unwittingly discovered something about the wife of her husband's friend and colleague which she would have given all the money in the world not to know. And she had been just about to ask Grace for personal advice! A wife who was obviously being unfaithful to her husband.

Of course, Linda reminded herself without being convinced, it was possible that Grace's husband had come home from school earlier than usual, but that wasn't likely. And besides, the obscene act Grace must have been performing on the other side of the closed door to her apartment was almost unthinkable to the young wife's mind, even with her own husband. That had been one of the very subjects she had wanted to ask Grace about if she had found the courage to do so, but now it seemed forever impossible.

There was only one thing to do, Linda finally decided as she nervously prepared herself some iced tea to vainly try to calm her nerves. She would have to try to work it out in her own mind without any outside help.

She added inwardly to herself, I have to forget that I ever even thought of going to Grace Furness for advice. I have to forget that I know anything I shouldn't. I couldn't face either Grace or her husband again knowing that. I wasn't there. I wasn't there, she kept repeating until finally she thought the unintentional knowledge she had was emptied out of her memory.

But deep in a secret recess of her inner mind, the question she had not verbalized hung unanswered: Who was the man with Grace

Furness?

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As Grace led him toward the bedroom, Tommy Singleton felt his blood rushing wildly through his veins. He just wasn't able to believe this fantastic woman. He had come to the door thinking that the two of them would have a round-about conversation on the topic he had come to discuss with her, perhaps even ending up with her saying she couldn't go through with it with another man than her husband. But she had totally surprised him.

As soon as the door had closed behind him, she had thrown her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her, pressing her hot moist lips against his. Her tongue began spearing into his mouth hungrily and she groaned hoarsely as though she had been starved for it for years and years. Her warmly trembling body ground up against his with all her strength, and as she pressed and squirmed her loins into his, he was aware of his aching penis beginning to throb and jerk up inside his restricting jockey-strap under his gym shorts. He felt the twin mounds of her firmly resilient breasts pushing tightly into his muscular chest, the thin t-shirt he wore and her flimsy sheath dress not preventing his feeling the tiny erect buds of her nipples digging into his skin like hard buttons.

Tommy had been sure she was not wearing anything underneath the thigh-length dress made of some synthetic material. Then, when he dropped the satchel he was carrying and wrapped his arms around her, slipping his hands up and down her writhing torso, he found he was right. He had not felt a brassiere strap, and lightly gliding his fingertips on down to the gently sloping flare of her undulating hips, he discovered she was not wearing panties either. The thought of her ripe young flesh completely naked under the thin garment clinging to her like icing on a cake excited him still further, and he thrust his throbbing genitals up tight against her softly heaving belly, at the same time flicking his tongue serpent-like around hers darting wetly in and out between his open lips.

Then the incredulous young husband had scarcely been able to believe his senses when his friend's wife slipped her hands lightly over the rippling muscles on his back and on down to his buttocks, clenched tightly as he ground his pelvis into hers. She squeezed them appreciatively in a way no other woman had ever done, gradually moving her hands around to force them between their passionately

locked loins and without hesitation finding his blood-inflated cock with her fingers. She fondled his rigidity experimentally through his gym shorts, up and down its pulsating length, bringing it to an even greater hardness from her touch, finally pulling her moist lips away from his own and smiling seductively up at him.

"Let me suck you," she told him without the slightest indication of the shame or repulsion that his wife Linda would have shown if she had ever been able to give voice to the words. Then, when she unzipped his gym trunks and pulled the material down to release his now fully erect penis, she glowed. "It's so big and hard." He had dimly been aware of her bending her head down close to him as she dropped to her knees and added, "Can I kiss it there?" Not waiting for an answer, she dipped her head and placed her hotly searching lips against the pulsing, moistening tip of his lust-swollen cock.

Yes, yes, kiss it, suck it, he was crying out inside his brain, hearing his own husky, breathless groans of intense pleasure echoing inside the tiny foyer as though he were experiencing it all in a fantasy dream. He closed his eyes in new-found ecstasy as he felt her lips part into a rounded wet oval and slip slowly over his inflated cock until it was lodged in her mouth as far as the ridge encircling the flaring gland on the end. Then he felt her begin probing the tiny opening with her searing hot tongue, sending scalding waves of sensation flooding through his testicles dangling beneath. He thought his whole body would explode from the exquisite pressure building in his cum-laden balls as suddenly he felt her gently stroking fingernails running lightly along the underside of his still swelling shaft. Then they cupped his heavy testicles with warm reverence, alternately tickling at them and kneading them as if trying to pump his swollen aching cock to still greater proportions. Suddenly he could take it no longer.

With an earth-shattering groan from somewhere deep in his chest, Tommy clenched his buttocks and thrust his hips forward, driving his maddeningly throbbing cock as far as he could up into the hot moist cavern of her mouth, feeling its velvety tip bump up hard against the back of her throat. She had grunted from the force of his thrust, squeezing his balls with her fingers until he thought they would burst like eggs in her hands, and then abruptly she had stopped what she was doing. He felt the cool air of the room washing over his turgid shaft coated with her saliva and opened his eyes to look down at her pulling her wide-open lips away.

Without another word, his friend's wife stood up again, her blue eyes smoky with desire as she grasped his long thickness tightly with her right hand and began leading him along behind her.

Her eyes lifted to his and she told him in a voice thick with passion, "Mmmmm, you've got a really nice prick. Come on into the

bedroom."

Now as they entered the bedroom together, Grace's fingers gave his painfully hardened cock a final playful squeeze and, before his very eyes, she raised her arms to lift the scanty sheath dress over her head with one sweeping motion and threw it onto a chair. She stood completely naked before his gaze, her breasts standing out in front of her as firmly as a young girl's, the rosy pink nipples erect in the center of their aureoles. Seeing his lustful eyes fixed on her rounded white mounds, Grace cupped them in her hands and squeezed them tantalizingly, letting her fingers play over the upthrust rubbery buds of her nipples. Her lewdly suggestive action caused his cock to jerk up into even greater hardness, and she riveted her eyes on its thickness, watching its pulsating, blood-filled tip a moment before commenting, "I like it. It's going to feel good going up inside me. Oh God, I want it in me."

Tommy stood transfixed like a saint before a vision of heaven as her hands slipped down from her breasts over the taut smoothness of her belly, his eyes following as they traced the outward-flaring curve of her full hips and then moved slowly toward the thin curls of the blonde triangle nestled up between her statuesque, marble-white thighs. She clasped the provocative, hair-covered mound with both hands, her fingers disappearing into the barely visible pink layers of flesh surrounding the opening to her vagina.

My God, what a woman, Tommy thought as he looked on at the obscene spectacle she was giving him. If only my wife Linda would act this way sometimes!

In front of him, Grace Furness probed into the pliant outer flanges of her own moistening cunt, the middle finger of her right hand finding and massaging the tiny quivering bud of her clitoris. She groaned loudly this time and pressed her full resilient thighs tightly together around her fingers, her whole body beginning to undulate slowly before him like a mesmerizing serpent.

Then, without warning, she flung herself back onto the bed behind her, drawing up her knees and spreading them wide apart to reveal to his eyes her pinkly glistening pussy-lips.

"Oh God," she moaned, staring wide-eyed past the twin mounds of her upward heaving white breasts at his wildly jerking bone-hard cock. "Get your clothes off before I die. I want you to fuck me." She squirmed and twisted her buttocks tightly down into the mattress as she repeated the lewd, lust-inciting phrase over and over, the obscene words on her sensual lips exciting him into a crescendo of rising passion.

Tommy began desperately stripping his few clothes from his body, dropping his already opened gym pants and shorts to the floor

and almost ripping off his t-shirt, finally standing over her writhing body with his cock pointing at the ceiling in nakedly throbbing erection. Grace Furness lifted her body slightly from the bed as she arched her back in excitement, as if raising her openly spreading cunt up to him in sacrifice, her eyes remaining riveted on his thickly menacing shaft standing out in the air.

Then he lay down on the bed beside her, his breath coming faster and faster as he pulled her gently undulating body over to him with his strong young arms. He moved one hand down to the smoothness of her buttocks and cupped them; they were beautifully firm and sinewy as he had expected them to be. Her body was warm and soft against his and she raised her face up hungrily to his, locking her mouth tightly to him as her hand searched down between their bodies for the hardness of his penis. Tommy gasped as her startingly cool fingers closed around his rigidity and pulled him forcefully closer to her, crushing the full length of her body against his. She was grinding her pelvis tightly into his loins, and then she suddenly twisted her body, pulling him over on top of her, opening her legs wide to take him between them. Their lips were still moistly pressed together, hers soft and giving under his harsher pressure, tiny chills flying over his skin as her tongue darted like a wet penis in and out of his mouth in a motion to match the obscene thrust of her loins up against his.

His still expanding, throbbing cock was resting hard against her thighs, pressed into the narrow wetness of her eager cunt that nibbled like another mouth at its turgid tip-end. She arched her body for a moment levering them both up off the bed and, reaching back under her buttocks with both hands, stretched her vaginal lips slowly apart. She pushed her openly spread pussy-mouth up into greater contact with the sensitive flesh of his hotly pulsing hardness and held herself like that for a moment, the gently clasping slit teasing and sucking at his distended glans.

"Oh God, you feel nice," she whispered up into his mouth, slipping her hands out from under her, her nails trailing across his back, leaving small red welts in their path. He pushed his hands farther down beneath her, once again cupping the fullness of her clenching and unclenching ass-cheeks in his palms and jerking her moistly receptive pussy tighter up against him. He moved up and down slowly, feeling her beginning a more desperate rotation under him until her legs, without warning, snaked out wider on either side of his body, her calves locking against the back of his thighs, urging him tighter into her.

"Ohhh, fuck me now, darling, fuck me now!" she moaned into his mouth, her eyes shut tight, her pelvis grinding in little circles. Tommy groaned as he felt the soft silky hair around her vagina graze teasingly

against the pulsating, blood-filled end of his cock, forcing it into greater hardness from the excruciating pressure.

Unable to hold back another second, Tommy flicked his hips forward with a sudden cruel thrust that drove his cock with flesh-separating insistence up into the rubbery hot moistness of her pussy.

"Ohhhhhh!" she moaned beneath him, a sensual flutter in her voice. He felt the warm elastic-like sheath slip wetly over his nakedly sensitized rod. It entered with a slight resistance of her velvety flesh, as though she were a virgin being taken for the first time, except that it was better because he knew she was controlling her vaginal muscles that way to give him infinitely more pleasure. He relished the knowledge that it would be like this every time he fucked her, 'cause he sure didn't intend for this to be the last time. This is what the young husband had hoped for in his own wife, but, if he couldn't get it there, then Fred's wife, Grace could give it to him. He was learning, and learning fast, what a woman who liked to screw could do, and he wasn't going to do without this unbelievable pleasure any longer.

His long thick cock raced steadily up into her cunt to the deepest reaches of her belly that clasped warm and tight at first like a moist tongue wrapped around the full aching length of his hardness, then easier as the inner vaginal walls accepted his presence and lubricated the way with hotly flowing fluids.

Then, suddenly, he hit bottom, his heavy balls slapping up hard against the tightly clenched cheeks of her buttocks.

Grace Furness moaned a low animal-like cry beneath him, twisting reflexively on his skewering penis from the sudden unexpected pain of his complete penetration, but he thrust harder, screwing his pelvis even tighter into her loins. He could feel their pubic hair twisting together as he strove for all he was worth for the greater contact he was making inside against the quivering tip of her cervix.

Now she was spitted on his steel-hard length and he lay on her for a moment to allow the pain of his sudden entry to subside, proud that he could hurt her this way. It was the age-old ritual of a man subjugating a woman to his will, and he reveled for a moment in the power he possessed over another man's wife impaled beneath him. Then he flicked the end of his blood-swollen cock again, bringing another low moan from between her firmly compressed lips. He had raised his head up from hers now, and he watched the lust-inciting distortions of her pretty face as it reflected the feelings his cock was causing inside her body.

Slowly he felt her tensed loins relax under him and begin a gentle massage-like oscillation around the thick hilt of his cock buried up inside her like a sensory sword. Tommy ground his pelvis jammed

against hers into the squirming saddle of cuntal flesh, and she strained up to him, arching her back so that it lifted them both up off the mattress. She trembled ceaselessly beneath his body grinding into hers, opening and closing her legs around his hips like the useless struggle of a butterfly pinned to a board. Gradually her moans took up a chanting rhythm as old as man's world itself, a savage bleating that matched the steady pulsation now beginning where their loins locked desperately together and the rhythmic regular in-and-out motion up between her quivering thighs.

Tommy could feel his cock expanding and growing inside her as he slowly but surely answered her gentle rocking movements, pulling his hardness out barely an inch at first before driving it back in hard against her palpitating womb, then gradually out a little more, then farther and farther. Finally his cock, now glistening with her cuntal juices, slipped all the way out until just the bulging glans at the tip remained embedded inside her, then he stroked again and again into the warm oily moistness of her clinging pussy, his testicles each time banging heavily against her softly rounded buttocks below.

His friend's blonde wife suddenly threw her arms loosely out to the sides on the bed, concentrating all her attention on the blissful sensations their instinctively matched thrusting motions gave to her body. Tommy raised himself up on his hands spread on the mattress beside her head, enjoying watching the ecstatic expressions on her face. Her mouth was hanging slackly open as she flailed her head from side to side in abandon, her long blonde hair whipping back and forth on the red colored bedspread, ceaseless deep-throated guttural sounds escaping from between her lips with each long smooth stroke of his slowly pistoning cock, building in intensity as together they accelerated the tempo to a frantic pace. He let his eyes pass down over the tautly stretched tendons of her passion-hollowed neck, pausing to greedily relish the gently heaving vibrant orbs of her breasts, their ruby pink nipples jutting out like tiny strawberries offered up for him to devour, and then on down past her quaking white belly to their merging loins below.

He could see his blood-distended, thick penis withdrawing almost its full length from the dinging pink lips of her pussy, then rushing headlong back up into the curl-lined opening. She was pushing up to meet his thrusts as if she were unable to wait even a split second for his next entry into her. Each time he drove it in to the hilt he held it there for an instant, savoring the delicious sensations it caused as she shuddered violently on his impaling hard shaft, jerking her loins in a tiny quick rotation that threatened to make his cum-laden balls explode from the hot pressure building up there. Again and again she wrenched her pelvis downward as he began the long slow withdrawal,

her warm moist pussy sucking at him like a million mouths inside her belly as she felt the ridges of his cock rippling over the quivering little bud of her clitoris.

She groaned ceaselessly beneath his pounding body, her whole being throwing itself into the wanton act, thrashing and bucking under him like a demon gone wild.

Goddamn, she's a good fuck, Tommy told himself as he watched her heaving in salacious abandon beneath him like a contortionist playing the part of a lewd lascivious whore.

"Ohhhhh, it's good, it's good! Shove your finger in my ass! Make me scream, damn it, make me scream!" she coughed up at him in a lust-maddened daze.

He reached under her between her jerking buttocks as he continued to drive his cock rhythmically up into the hot wetness of her cunt. Carefully, he stretched the narrow crevice of her ass-cheeks wide, searching with the tip of his middle finger for her anus.

Suddenly he found it.

Small rivulets of warm moisture were running down the widespread crevice from where his hand could feel his hard rod of flesh thrusting into her vagina. It moistened the tightly puckered little rectal ring, lubricating it slightly, and he probed experimentally for a moment with the tip of his finger. Then he pushed hard, feeling the anal circle give a little under the pressure, and suddenly the tight elastic flesh gave way completely and his finger slipped in up to the first knuckle joint. She jumped forward away from him, almost crawling on her back to escape the first excruciating pain. "Ahhhhhhhggh! God, it hurts!"

He brutally thrust again, sinking into the second knuckle.

"Ugggghhhhh! Yesssss, yesssss! Hurt me! Hurt me more!"

In spite of the pain she was feeling, he felt her suddenly begin screwing her buttocks, clenched into tight balls of muscle, back onto his finger until it was sunk all the way to the palm of his hand. He wriggled it inside the narrow passage, rotating it around in the rubbery depths of her rectum. He could feel through the thin wall of flesh separating the two openings the underside of his cock plunging in and out of her cunt and he began skewering her between them, maintaining the same rhythm for both as she groaned on beneath him. His nail caught the tender flesh in her anus momentarily, scraping her and causing her to jerk, but then she caught up the endless pace again, opening her legs wide out over the bed to give him greater access to the dual ravishing of her loins.

As she pitched crazily under him, Tommy could sense that it wouldn't be long before she reached her climax, and he knew he would be able to hold back a little longer. She had to cum soon, and

he began ramming it into her with long hard hammer-thrusts in time with his finger hotly sheathed in her anus as she churned helplessly beneath him on the bed.

He could tell she was near completion as she gripped him tight between her trembling thighs, opening and closing them around him in unison with his relentlessly spearing strokes, warbling meaningless cries from deep within her throat as though she had no control over her voice. She was approaching closer and closer the moment she had been working for, and he continued his merciless double thrusts with all his strength and power.

Then her mouth found a way to form words again.

"Ooooooohhhh, fuck it, fuck it hard – hard -haarrrddddd!" she chanted, mumbling all the lewd and obscene words she could think of, spurring him on with the sporadic pounding of her heels on his tightly clenched buttocks. Then she jackknifed her legs up high, pressing her knees back hard onto her flattened breasts, offering him full access to her nakedly upturned cunt. Her eyes rolled uncontrollably in her head, her face tortured and contorted as she strained for the final explosion so near.

Suddenly she coughed and pulled her thighs up even tighter.

"I'm cumming!" she exclaimed, as if in surprise, her mouth opening wide in ecstatic abandon. "I'm cumming," she repeated as though she had to convince herself. The whole of her pink, widely stretched young pussy was presented up to him to batter and use as he wished, her ankles hooked high up over his shoulders, kicking and dancing high on his sinewy back. He could feel her tiny throbbing clitoris jerking along the top of his cock like a stick on a picket fence, her defenselessly upthrust loins squirming beneath him in the wild uninhibited throes of her abandoned orgasm. Her words had become incoherent unintelligible syllables whose meaning was known only to herself, her wide unseeing eyes gazing as if in wonder at the ceiling.

Jesus, look at the little bitch go, Tommy Singleton thought as he grinned down from his position on top of her at his friend's wife racing out of control for the final climax, gritting his teeth and clenching his buttocks as tightly as he could to hold back his own, slaving and sweating over her harder than he ever had in his life. Abruptly he pulled his finger out of her anus to give both of them greater freedom of movement.

"I'm cummmmmiiinnnng!" she suddenly screamed again, the words changing into a prolonged inhuman moan that went on and on like a piercing note decreeing the end of the world for her. Fred Furness' wife flared her nostrils wide like an animal struggling for its life and screwed herself up on Tommy's pistoning shaft of flesh, locking herself to him with all the strength of her thighs while her

spending loins jerked spasmodically against his belly. He could feel her ass-cheeks clenching his swollen balls beneath as she shuddered up against him, his throbbing aching cock glued inside her, the hotly clasping inner walls of her pussy flooding warm wet fluids around him for what seemed an eternity.

The ecstatic young blonde held her breath for an interminable moment and then expelled it as though struck in the stomach by a heavy fist, her body collapsing limply down onto the mattress. She lay still and unmoving, uncontrollable palpitations of her well-fucked pussy going on and on like a finally tamed wild animal pulsing around his tortured cock lodged far up inside her. He held it pushed deep in her belly, allowing her to rest for a moment, though it was all he could do to keep from going on screwing into her moistly clinging young pussy.

God, he had never seen anything like it! Fred hadn't been wrong when he'd said this wife of his was quite a woman.

Tommy throbbed the rampant thickness of his penis deep up in her belly, hoping to bring her passion-drenched cunt to life again.

"That was nice," Grace whispered breathlessly. "I haven't been fucked like that in a long time." She clenched the walls of her butter-soft pussy around his hardness in a grateful gesture that made him gasp in his efforts to keep from shooting his load of cum into her right then and there.

He wanted to fuck her more before filling her belly full of hot white sperm.

"You're not finished yet," he hissed down at her, his blood seething from the aching throb down in his balls.

"God, lover," she murmured with a lewdly twisted smile of approval, "you held back a long time."

"But not much longer," he muttered, breathing hard. "I'm right on the edge."

"Roll over," she said, smiling sweetly up at him. "You've been doing most of the work. Now it's my turn since you were so patient."

Reluctantly, he pulled back, slipping his turgid cock-shaft wetly out of the clinging moist warmth of her vagina. He hated to pull it out, he was so close to spurting off into her belly, but he decided to let her have her way. She hadn't disappointed him so far, and he didn't think she would now. He had never done anything with his own wife Linda but get on top of her and after a few quick strokes get rid of his load and that was it. She didn't like to play in bed, and the limit was one orgasm, for him, and none for her. He had the impression after the few weeks he had been married to her that she merely tolerated his love-making, unable to really enjoy it. He'd tried, but she seemed not to be interested in getting any fun out of it.

Well, maybe he would learn some things from Grace that he could use to change Linda's tune about things. He'd just let his friend's wife handle it from now on until he learned a little more about really pleasing a woman.

As he rolled from the softness of her body over onto his back, thin white trails of her orgasm followed his rigid cock across her lower thigh. He had the sudden thought that if this was doing a favor for his friend Fred who hadn't been able to make love to Grace for awhile, it was ten times a greater favor to himself. That's what I call a real friend, he smiled to himself. Then he lifted his head from the mattress to watch what Grace was going to do.

She turned on her side toward him and, reaching out with her hand, began stroking him, sliding the loose foreskin flesh up and down in a slow magical rhythm that caused his ache to increase almost beyond endurance. Then she rose to her knees and hovered over him on all fours, her face a scant few inches from the throbbing bulbous tip of his expectant cock. She held it tightly between both hands, stroking it between the flat of her palms in a teasing up and down motion that caused his loins to undulate in time to her maddening rhythm.

Her blonde head dropped slowly toward his hardness until suddenly her tongue flicked forward, the tip boring teasingly into the obscene wetness of the tiny gland on the end. He sucked in his breath from the sudden renewed contact of her tongue, chills rippling along the back of his spine, bringing a groan from his lips. She then brought her mouth down all the way to enclose the whole sensitive tip in a moistly clasping pressure, her lips tightening like an elastic hand around it just below the rubbery flare of the glans, trapping it completely inside the warm wet cavern of her mouth.

"Christ!" he groaned out loud into the bedroom, staring down at her contorted face. The sight of his hard shaft of burgeoning cock-flesh sunk halfway between her ovaled lips increased the sensation of a thousand-fold. His penis was still wet from the juices of her orgasm and glistened like the trunk of a rain-soaked tree along the part she had not yet taken between her avidly working lips. She gently massaged his soft resilient testicles with one hand and stroked the base of his cock between the thumb and forefinger of the other as she began to suck rhythmically up and down. He could feel the animated softness of her tongue twirling maddeningly around it at the apex of the withdrawal, the tip flicking magically across the tiny opening of the gland on the end. He flexed his buttocks, his head still raised, watching the top of her head bobbing up and down below, the sight of her labors making it all the more exciting for him.

Grace could feel his throbbing reaction and began to suck at his

cock a little harder, the tips of her sharp teeth digging gently into the hard resisting flesh, leaving small white trails where they had scraped the blood along beneath the velvet surface of the skin. She shifted her position over his thigh without disengaging her mouth from his cock and kneeled on all fours between his open legs, reaching under his buttocks to cup them in her palms, pulling his straining loins tighter to her face. Her tongue licked round and round the growing glans furiously until Tommy felt it near the bursting point as she took almost all his rigid shaft deep into her throat. Though he was certain she would choke, she continued the erotically titillating sucking on and on.

Huge pools of liquid heat were building deep, deep in his balls as he watched her lovely face working above his sweating loins. He could see tiny rivulets of perspiration rolling in thin driplets from the sides of her body as she bobbed over him like a demon-goddess gone mad. The muscles of his stomach tightened until he thought they would snap from the pressure as he arched his back up off the bed to push even farther between the delicious moistness of her furiously working lips that clung greedily to his lewdly thrusting cock.

He groaned under her again and again, his lips twitching crazily, incoherent mutterings escaping from between his clenched teeth.

Suddenly, he gasped.

The moment was here and a low guttural sound started from somewhere deep in his chest as he felt the white-hot sperm begin its mad dash from his balls and spurt in thin hot streams into her endlessly sucking mouth. Her cheeks expanded and hollowed fish-like as she greedily swallowed the warm flooding cum to keep from choking. The wanton young wife went on sucking voraciously as her neighbor's husband emptied his heavy load of semen into the wetness of her wildly moaning mouth, his hands tangling cruelly in her blonde hair, holding her face to the throbbing of his loins as he shoved his jerking shaft all the way down her continually swallowing throat. She coughed sporadically to regain her breath, her Adam's apple slipping up and down under her skin until finally he moaned his last body-wracking moan and grunted in complete sensual fulfillment. Slowly his twitching cock deflated in her mouth but she continued yet gentler sucking, drawing every precious drop of the thick warm sperm from his now almost limp cock.

And then he had nothing more to give her.

She had sucked him dry and with a heavy groan he collapsed, arms widespread, back across the bed. She nibbled softly at his flaccid useless penis for awhile, her head resting lightly on his thigh and then crawled up over his unmoving body to cradle his head against her still heaving breasts. After a moment she leaned down and kissed him full

on the lips.

"Like it, lover?" she whispered softly against his cheek after the long lingering contact with his mouth.

"Mmmmmm," was all he could rouse himself to say right then, looking up into her eyes with an appreciative gleam.

"I know a lot more."

"Is more possible?" he asked in disbelief.

"You'll see," she cooed down at him. "This doesn't have to be the only time for us."

"You're sure Fred won't mind if we carry this thing on?" Tommy asked with apprehension.

"Don't be silly. He arranged it this time, didn't he?" she laughed. "Besides, there was a time before I knew what I was doing that he used to get his special kicks with other women, and I have some fun to make up for. This is the first time in years he hasn't been right there with a hard-on whenever I was in the mood, and I'm going to take advantage of the opportunity."

"Just so Linda doesn't find out," Tommy said with a worried expression. He wanted more than anything else to get his hands on this wild wife again and as soon as possible, but the thought of his own wife finding out chilled him inside.

"Bring her along," Grace told him matter-of-factly. "She might learn a thing or two."

"Are you crazy?" Tommy gasped suddenly, rising to one elbow on the bed. "She would blow her stack. Besides," he added in a serious afterthought, "I love her and wouldn't want to hurt her feelings. It's not her fault she was brought up to be so prudish. If I can control myself, she'll gradually wake up, the way you must have."

"You'll have a long wait, but that's okay by me. This way I can get mine. That's selfish on my part, but now that I know what a good lay you are, you're going to have to try keeping me satisfied."

"Is that a threat or a promise?" Tommy asked playfully.

"It's both," Grace purred. "If you don't think up excuses to get out of the house and come see me often enough, I may just have to talk to Linda." She gave him a thin speculative smile that left no doubt she meant her words.

Tommy felt cold fear rushing through his veins.

"On the other hand, if you just drive away, park somewhere down the block and walk back when I need you or you need me, then it's a promise. It's simple. And Fred has already promised to stay out of the way as long as he can't do anything for me," she grinned at him triumphantly.

You little hot-blooded bitch, Tommy thought to himself. He was beginning to get the picture now. She must have forced Fred into

letting her do what she wanted, and now she was trying the same on him. Well, he added in his mind, as long as all she expects from me is a good hard fuck now and then we'll get along fine. Meanwhile, I'll have to fix it so Linda won't believe a word of what she says if she gets any ideas.

"I'll think about it," he told her. "It'll be tough coming very often, but for another turn with you, maybe I can figure something out." He was rising from the bed, trying to remember where he'd left the bag with his street clothes.

She sat up on the bed grinning and reached over with her fingers to squeeze his deflated penis. "What's wrong, can't make it again?" she cooed up at him.

"Not now, I've got to get going. And I've got a lot of thinking to do about this," he answered, pulling away from her touch.

"Don't rush it, I can wait a few days until you work things out. Say, until Thursday about the same time?" she invited him.

He answered from the foyer where he was retrieving his clothes. "All right, unless I change my mind." He was determined not to let her take over his life, no matter how many times they got in bed together. He walked back into the bedroom already dressed and stuffed his gym clothes into the satchel. She was smiling at him from where she sat still stark naked in the middle of the big bed, her ankles crossed and her knees spread wide apart, exposing to his view the dilated pink lips of her cunt.

She turned her lips up into a lewdly seductive smile as she followed his gaze and opened her thighs wider and farther apart. "You won't change your mind, lover," she insinuated. "Will you?"

He looked at the sumptuous feast her body shamelessly offered him and knew that she was right. He wondered briefly how his friend Fred Furness had turned his wife into such an insatiable woman, wishing he could do the same with his young bride – the sooner the better. "How did you get so turned on to sex?" he asked, combing his fingers through his hair to straighten his appearance a little before leaving.

Grace rose and slipped on the scanty mini-length sheath dress she had removed so hurriedly only a few minutes ago. "I'll tell you all about it, with a demonstration, on Thursday when you come," the provocative blonde promised. "Deal?"

He hesitated before answering, anxious not to let her get the upper hand again before finally answering, "It's a deal. And I'll tell you then how things stand – whether I can make it anymore after that." She led him toward the door and let him out after looking cautiously into the hallway for neighbors.

"That's good enough for me," she said. "Good-bye, Tommy. Thanks

for a wonderful afternoon. I'm looking forward already to Thursday."

"Good-bye," he replied, kissing her lightly on her upraised lips. He felt a slight tinge of regret rising from his decision to leave and go home as her tongue delved playfully into his mouth, causing his battered penis to jerk slightly in his shorts.

Then she closed the door behind him, smiling to herself. She knew Fred would be pleased when she told him how the plan was working, and even though she had felt like a cheap two-dollar whore seducing the innocent young husband, she had really enjoyed herself while doing it. To top it off, she reflected, Fred would really give her the fucking of her life that night for going along with him and pretending she hadn't been satisfied for a long time because he was impotent.

Impotent! She chuckled to herself. It was hard to imagine anything farther from the truth than that.

CHAPTER THREE

Linda sat dejectedly on the living room couch staring thoughtfully into a glass of gin and tonic. She knew next to nothing about drinks and drinking, but she had seen her husband Tommy mix so many of these since she had known him that she had automatically made one for herself after deciding she needed something alcoholic to help calm her nerves. Her head was slightly dizzy from the second one she had drunk in the last half an hour since she had tried to call Tommy at school.

Once again she reassured herself that it was Thursday and she hadn't made a mistake. This was the day that Tommy had promised faithfully a week ago he would leave school early and take her shopping in the city. He should have been by to pick her up long ago, and she had impulsively called the school to find out if something unexpected had come up to prevent his leaving. Though the secretary had even gone to the trouble of sending someone down to the gym area to look for Tommy, he was nowhere to be found. His office was locked, the secretary said, and his car was not in its usual place outside the gym.

By now Linda was lightheaded from her inexperience in drinking, and she tried again to rationalize away her fears. She had noticed a strange change in her new husband since that Sunday at the Teachers' Country Club but had tried to ignore it, hoping it would work itself out. First she had perhaps foolishly denied him her body that night because she had accused him of giving Grace Furness too much attention, and the following morning Tommy had left for work without waking her with a kiss as he usually did. Then he had come home later than usual on Monday, and she was sure she had detected a slight fragrance of perfume and what might have been a touch of lipstick on his mouth. He had not greeted her with his normal attempt to get her into the bedroom the first thing, instead acting a little off-handed toward her, saying only that he wanted to take a shower before supper.

She was sure he had consciously avoided her eyes as if he had a reason to feel guilty, and immediately she had begun to suspect something was wrong. She told herself she had only been married to him for a few weeks and had not had time to get to know all his moods and feelings in spite of the fact that they had seen a lot of each other for a whole year before that. And, she had reminded herself, dating a person was one thing, but living with him was another. Later, the worried young wife had tried to persuade him to confide his problem to her over supper.

That had only seemed to make him worse, and then when they were in bed later that night, she had thought maybe he needed very badly to make love to her and that was why he seemed upset. But when she had begun to give him the tenderly inviting caresses she knew he liked, he had first pushed her away angrily as if she were some cheap slut he had met in a bar and then, when she had persisted, thinking he was angry for her refusal the night before, he had attempted to do some awful things to her and tried to make her return them. This was a more subtle change in him that had been happening since their wedding night twenty-four days ago. The things he wanted her to do were things she had heard about but didn't really know normal people did. They were perverted acts and she had only heard some of the bolder girls in college whisper about them in dirty jokes or in insinuating giggles about the boys they had been out with.

Tommy had become even more angry with her when she had refused to let him do those perverse lewd acts and ended up by shouting at her with impatience and frustration when she had refused to do them to him. It wasn't that she hadn't wanted to try. God knows she wanted to make him a happy husband the way she had thought he would be, but she just couldn't force herself to go through with it. The thought of that horrible scene in the bed when he had tried to put his head down between her legs and the coldness with which he had treated her afterward when she had refused to let him brought tears brimming to her eyes. She sobbed softly and took another mouthful of the gin and tonic, wincing slightly as it burned its way down her throat.

And now this! His mysterious failure to pick her up was the crowning blow. She had tried to remind him that morning before he left for school, but he was vague and non-committal. At the time she had thought he was just preoccupied with himself and had been sure he was aware the shopping trip she had planned meant a lot to her, but now she was no longer sure of anything.

The troubled young bride finished the last drop of her drink and went to the kitchen for more ice to make another, secretly hoping that Tommy would come home and find her half drunk for the first time in her life. That would show him just how much he had upset her by his negligent actions!

Her mind ran to another possibility that also may have caused his sudden indifference, but she quickly dismissed it as too silly to even consider seriously. This was the nagging thought at the back of her mind that he might have been seeing some other woman before they were finally married and that she had allowed him to make love to her: a woman who perhaps would do all those awful things he had tried so desperately to get her to do.

Well, the lovely blonde murmured to herself, if that was the reason he was acting so strange, it was still no justification. She couldn't help it if she was what everybody called an old-fashioned girl. She hadn't been about to let him make love to her in bed before they were legally married, and now that they were, she wasn't going to allow herself to be degraded into doing those disgusting things he wanted. She didn't want to lose him, but she had her pride.

Linda returned to the couch, setting her drink on the coffee table and dropping her head into her hands. Tears began to well up in her eyes as she recalled how well things had seemed to be going up until the night they were actually married. She had turned down the opportunity to become a guidance counselor with her recent college psychology degree in order to marry Tommy, giving up the career she had worked so hard for. It had been the best position she could have hoped for with her lack of experience in the field, and it would take her years to work up to that level if she started off at the bottom the way most people had to.

It just didn't seem fair, she complained to herself through the haze the gin was causing in her mind. She gave up everything else she ever wanted for Tommy's sake when he insisted that no wife of his would ever work, and now he was treating her like dirt under his feet. She just didn't understand it – why did the world have to be so cruel sometimes? She had to talk to him about it as soon as she saw him or she would go out of her mind. She had already known from her marital psychology courses that both of them would have to go through a period of adjustment to each other, but this was too much to take.

Abruptly her sobs ceased tearing from her throat. The telephone was ringing in the bedroom. She couldn't imagine who would be calling her at this time of the afternoon. Then she knew it had to be Tommy! He was calling to explain why he had not come home when he had promised he would.

That must be it! He probably had a perfectly reasonable explanation, and here she was worrying herself sick.

She reached the bedside table and jerked the phone from the cradle excitedly, hoping with all her heart to hear his voice.

"Hello, is that you Tommy?" she blurted out breathlessly.

Her smile suddenly faded away and her heart felt as though it would stop.

The voice of Fred Furness came to her in a hoarse whisper over the phone.

"Linda, it's me, Fred, Fred Furness," he rasped in a low voice. "Listen closely. I don't have much time, so do just as I say. Understand?"

Linda stood struck dumb for a moment at the sudden surprise of hearing his voice. "What is it?" she finally managed to stammer.

"Believe me, this is important to both of us," he whispered, hurrying his words together with such urgency that she listened as though her life depended on his voice.

"Do exactly as I tell you. I'm going to put the phone down on this end, but don't hang up whatever you do. Got that?"

"Y-yes," she stuttered in confusion, "but can't you tell me what…"

"Shhhh!" he interrupted her, "don't make a sound on that end," he hissed. Before she could say anything else, she heard a metallic noise as he put the phone down, and then there was the sound of his footsteps retreating into the distance and a door closing so softly she could barely hear it.

She stood frozen into immobility for a long time listening to the mechanical noises on the open line, and once she thought she heard the distant murmur of voices in another room, but Fred did not come back to pick up his end.

Once she picked up her ears as the unmistakable sound of a woman's laughter came to her hearing, and she thought she recognized it as Fred's wife, Grace, but she couldn't be sure.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang in the living room.

Good Lord, now what? she thought. She caught herself just in time, about to place the phone back in its cradle, and instead laid it on one of the pillows on the bed, running to answer the door.

"Fred! What are you doing here?" she exclaimed in surprise when she saw who it was.

Without waiting for her to ask him in, he brushed past her, his face glowering as if he were angry enough to kill somebody.

"What is it?" she begged to know.

"Shhhh!" he silenced her, looking around the living room. "Where's the telephone?" he growled. She saw he was taking a small portable tape recorder out of his pocket and inserting a plug connected at the other end to a suction-cup microphone.

"I-in there, by the bed," she stammered as she pointed down the hall. "C-can't you tell me…?"

"In a minute," he cut her off. "Wait here while I set this up. It's a special attachment for recording from a telephone. I'll be back in a second."

With that he entered the bedroom and closed the door. Linda was too shocked by his strange behavior to refuse anything and sat hesitantly on the edge of the couch while she waited for him to return and explain.

Finally, after what seemed a long time, the door to the bedroom opened quietly and then closed again as he came in to join her. The

haggard look on his face made her feel so sorry for him that she felt she should be able to comfort him in some way, but she didn't know how.

"Would you like something to drink?" she finally thought to ask.

"God, I could use one," he answered in a broken voice.

Linda brought him a double gin and tonic and watched him with apprehension as he drank almost half of it at one gulp.

"Thanks," he mumbled. "I really needed that." He paused for a moment, staring into space. "The two-timing little bitch," he hissed in a low voice as if talking to the wall instead of to his pretty blonde neighbor.

Linda flinched involuntarily from his words and the tone of his voice, but did not protest his using them out of consideration for his obviously distressed and worried condition.

"W-who do you mean?" she stammered, not able to believe the accusation implied by his words.

"Please excuse my language," he begged her. "It's just that I still can't get used to the idea. And after all these years."

The young housewife flushed as she suddenly realized what he was referring to, recalling in vivid detail the obscene noises she had overheard only a few days before outside the Furness' apartment. "You mean you think your wife has been cheating on you?" she asked in an attempt to appear shocked and surprised.

"I don't think – I know she's cheating on me," Furness blurted out angrily. "Right at this very moment, on our own bed, she's spreading her legs for some bastard! And when I get my hands on him, I'll…"

Linda clapped her hands over her ears to shut out his blunt profanity and the forbidden scenes it brought to her mind. "Please don't talk like that to me," she pleaded, until he noticed her distress and stopped shouting.

"I-I'm sorry, Linda," he apologized, secretly proud of how he was playing the injured husband. "I'm a little more than upset by the whole thing, I guess." He drained his drink and stared at the ice-cubes in mock despair. "May I have another one?" he asked presently, holding out his glass and making the ice rattle for effect.

Linda felt herself suddenly warm and sympathetic toward him. "Yes, of course, Fred. Try and relax a little," she suggested, wondering briefly what her psychology professor would have done under these circumstances. She felt twice as sorry for him as she would have a few days ago, before her own severe problems with her husband Tommy had begun. In fact, she told herself, if it hadn't been for the events of the last few days, she wouldn't even have let him in the door. But now, so confused herself that she didn't know which way to turn, she could almost understand the violence of his present mood.

Fred Furness accepted the fresh drink from her and took a long swallow. He let his eyes wander once again over the slim, well-rounded body sitting on the couch before him. He was aware that something was upsetting her and wondered momentarily if she had already guessed what her husband was up to. He hoped not. He wanted to enjoy to the full the final moment when he would play back the tape-recording he was making from the telephone in the other room. He wanted to watch this little innocent, hard-to-get bitch break into a thousand pieces like a delicate, paper-thin china teacup smashing onto a stone floor. That would really do his heart good, especially after enduring the superior manner she had always used toward him, as if he were some kind of coarse unmannered peasant and she an aloof, lily-white princess.

He had never had any trouble getting the women he wanted, but best of all, the real kick, was to take a proud young bitch like this one and bend her completely to his will, watching her slow subjugation, making her yield to his basest desires. Yes, Fred Furness thought with a sardonic smile, it would be worth it to see all her carefully guarded scruples crumble like shattered crystal when he rammed his rock-hard cock deep up into her openly spread cunt. Sure, it meant that he had to let his wife Grace get screwed by another man, but when he himself made that long-awaited lunge up between Linda's soft white thighs, it would seem a small price.

And, he added to himself, he would enjoy this one more than most. The barely disguised contempt she held for him would change slowly to a glassy-eyed stare of helpless desire as he ruthlessly ground his thick manhood up to the hilt in that white little belly of hers. He enjoyed looking forward to riding up over her wildly heaving body, feeling her billowing ripe breasts crushed up against him, and he thought greedily of what it would be like to make her beg for it. He'd show her husband how to handle a prim puritanical bitch like this one.

Even with Fred's burning eyes flitting over her body, Linda forced herself to remain calm, though her stomach was churning inside like a whirlpool. First, she was worried about her husband; and then here was Fred Furness saying all kinds of awful things about his wife. She could hardly believe her ears, even though she knew that a lot of so-called "modern" wives were unfaithful to their husbands. It made her realize with force that it was in fact possible for even her own husband to think of going with other women. Maybe her own attitude toward such things just seemed silly to Tommy. His strange behavior of the last few days told her something was wrong, and yet she wanted with all her heart and soul for it not to be so.

She couldn't help it if she was old-fashioned and her own husband

ought to be able to recognize that fact and treat her accordingly. She felt a sudden welling of angry tears and was relieved to see Fred Furness get up and go back into the bedroom where the telephone was. She didn't want her gruff neighbor to see her crying, to start asking all sorts of embarrassing questions. She couldn't bear the thought of admitting to the coarse Furness that she too was having problems similar to his.

In the bedroom, Fred Furness smiled crookedly at himself in the mirror. He put his head down close to the telephone and listened for a moment, but his wife and Tommy must have finished with their private orgy, for their voices came from a great distance. He removed the suction-cup microphone from the receiver and put the phone back on the hook. Then he ran back the tape on the miniature recorder, listening from time to time until he found what he was looking for – the beginning of their love-making session on his bed.

This'll blow little Linda's innocent mind sky-high, he chuckled to himself. Carefully he packed up all his equipment and stuffed it into his sports coat pockets before returning to the living room. Now I've got to play this thing right, he warned himself. He was tempted to run the tape for her then and there, but he restrained himself. It would be infinitely better to do it the way he had originally planned and to get her over to his apartment. When he caught sight of Linda on the couch in the living room, he was sure she had been crying while he was gone, but she immediately straightened herself up and acted perfectly calm for his benefit.

"This time I've got Grace dead-to-rights," he growled as he walked toward the drink he had left on the coffee table.

Linda had made herself another drink, and she nervously took a small sip. She couldn't help noticing the bulges in his pockets and assumed correctly that Furness had what he had come for. She wondered vaguely what he had on the tape-recording, but something in the back of her mind told her she wouldn't really want to know. This was the first time she had ever been so closely involved in such sordid goings-on, and she was sure that just to hear the tape would cause her to go to pieces. She didn't have the slightest idea of what the voices on the tape would be saying and she was afraid to let her imagination fly. With difficulty she tore her eyes from the over-stuffed pockets of his jacket and looked fleetingly at Furness' face.

The poor man was obviously hard-pressed to control his outrage. She was glad she wasn't in Grace's shoes; there would be quite a scene in their apartment later if the tape revealed in detail what Fred until now only suspected was true. Involuntarily, Linda shivered as she pictured Fred taking out his anger on Grace, and she wondered briefly if she shouldn't warn her pretty neighbor. But the injustice of being

unfaithful to husband or wife forced her to feel more sympathy for Fred Furness than for Grace, and she decided it would be better to keep out of the whole thing. Already she had done enough in letting him make this recording in her apartment, and she wouldn't be able to help feeling guilty if anything really bad happened because of that.

She watched Furness throw the last of the gin and tonic down his throat and head for the door. He stopped before opening it and turned to her, his face twisted in a good imitation of an injured husband's.

"Linda, I can't thank you enough for helping me like this. Things just couldn't have gone on the way they were, and I was at my wit's end until I thought of confronting Grace with something solid like a tape-recording. She's been denying all along that she's been playing around, and I haven't been able to catch her in the act. But this time the clever little whore has tricked herself right into a pile of trouble," he said in a coldly contemptuous tone. "I hope to God you never have to go through anything like this. It's more than anybody should have to take."

Linda involuntarily sucked in her breath at his words. Little did he know that she was suffering from similar suspicions about Tommy. It was all she could do to keep from blurting out her feelings, in spite of the fact that Fred Furness was the last person she would have chosen to tell. But she forced herself to keep quiet, and then he was opening the door to leave.

"I-I hope things aren't as bad as you think," she told him as she got up from the couch.

Furness patted the lump inside his pocket. "They're worse than I would have imagined," he said in a grim voice. "But with this, it'll get better fast – or else." With that he said good-bye and closed the door behind him.

As soon as Furness had gone, Linda shook her head sadly, suddenly almost dizzily intoxicated by the gin, and headed for the kitchen. She stopped in the doorway indecisively, not wanting to eat alone again while her husband was out running around. Finally she made up her mind and went instead to the bedroom, for she felt very tired and not at all hungry. No sooner had she felt the pillow under her head than she dropped off into a heavy dreamless sleep. She didn't know it was the last time she would sleep the untroubled sleep of innocence.

CHAPTER FOUR

A little nervous and unsure of what would happen when Fred Furness showed up, Tommy Singleton sat at the desk in his office in the gym. It seemed hardly possible that only twenty four hours ago he had been in bed with Fred's wife Grace, having the best time he had ever had with a woman. Although it was Fred in the first place who had suggested that Tommy make out with Grace Furness, the younger man was a little uncertain what he would be expected to say when he met Fred again face-to-face. He really felt sorry for the poor bastard – to have a wife as turned on to sex as Grace was and not to be able to do anything about it was just about the worst possible fate that Tommy Singleton could think of.

The young husband heard a car crunch to a stop in the gravel outside the back door of the gym, and got up to open the door. He hoped and prayed that Fred Furness would not now be angry that Tommy had taken advantage of the offer to fuck his wife Grace, especially now that he had had a taste of the delights she had to offer. He didn't want to give that up until he had gotten his fill and explored her talents to the fullest.

He was relieved when he had opened the door to see Fred approaching him, beaming from ear to ear and waving in his same old friendly fashion.

"Hi, Tommy," Fred greeted him warmly.

"Hi, Fred, how's it going?" Tommy replied as he closed the door and double-checked to see if it was locked from the outside. He didn't want any of the kids he taught to come in and surprise them in conversation. The rest of the teaching staff was gone for the day and he was pretty sure they would be alone, but he still felt a little uneasy.

As an extra precaution, Tommy closed the door to his inner office before seating himself behind his desk. Fred Furness turned a chair around and sat with his arms crossed on the back, his legs straddling the chair.

"Grace gave you high marks on your performance yesterday," Fred began. "It might be a crazy thing to say, but thanks for helping me out. She was happier and easier to get along with last night than she had been for months."

"I, uh, the pleasure was all mine," stammered Tommy. He felt very awkward and at the same time proud of the fact that Grace had liked him in bed-and that was only the second time they had been together. Just wait, he thought to himself, until she really gets to know what I can do. "I think it might relieve a lot of tension between Linda and me, too," he went on. "It was really exciting to be with a

new and different woman." He paused for a moment and then asked, "Was Grace always like that? I mean, did you have to train her into doing all those things in bed? Or is she just naturally into sex so much?"

"There's nothing natural about it, pal. I gave her a careful two-year course in how to enjoy herself and keep me happy at the same time. It was a lot of work, but it was worth it," Fred told him. "Hell," he snorted, "when we first got married, she thought she was supposed to lie down on the bed on her back and close her eyes while I got my kicks. But she's come a long way since then."

You're not just whistling Dixie, Tommy thought, unavoidably going back with relish to the day before. Grace had shown more ingenuity and interest in all the forms of sex play than Tommy would have believed possible.

"I'm interested in what you said about being with a new and different woman, Tommy. Do you mean that despite the fact that you've only been married for a little over three weeks to Linda, you were more excited by my wife Grace because she was a different person?" he asked, his face composed in an expression of serious interest. Furness saw a chance to force Tommy into what he wanted – a chance to get to his innocent young wife Linda – but he felt he would have to move carefully for the moment.

"Well, yes, something like that. You understand that I love Linda very much, but it's a little frustrating for me at times. She's so much more inhibited in bed than Grace. But even if Linda were as good, I would have to say there's something about, uh, making out with a woman who has different tastes that really gets to me. I guess it's pretty normal. Everybody likes surprises," Tommy answered. It was hard for him to talk this way, and he had almost said the word "fucking" instead of "making out", but he had caught himself in time. Somehow it just didn't seem right to use such words when talking to another man about his wife. Especially since Fred Furness had been his friend and colleague for so long.

"Don't be so damned prudish about it," Furness chided him. "I told you it would be all right if you fucked Grace, and I meant it. You don't have to mince words," he continued. He paused as if in thought for a moment. "You've got my curiosity up now. That's one thing the doctors haven't even thought of suggesting for my problem."

Tommy didn't see what he was driving at. "What do you mean? I thought you had tried everything," he asked, watching Fred's face with a puzzled expression.

"I have tried everything – at least all the medical suggestions. But Christ, I don't know why I didn't think of that before!"

Suddenly Tommy felt the hair prickling on the back of his neck as

it began to dawn on him what Fred was thinking – that maybe he should try screwing another woman to overcome his impotence. And there was only one woman he could be thinking of – Linda!

"I-I still don't get it," Tommy stuttered, afraid that he had already guessed the truth.

"Hell, it's such a simple solution," Fred went on, his eyes lighting up at the thought. He snapped his fingers as if he had just made up his mind. "It's got to work. I can't go on living like a celibate monk for the rest of my life. I'm sure it's the answer!"

Furness had such a happy look of hope on his face that Tommy felt sorry for him all over again.

"I hope for your sake you've come up with something," Tommy put in. He meant it. He couldn't think of a worse fate than to be married to such an exciting piece of tail and not to be able to take advantage of it. "But what the devil are you talking about?"

"Listen, Tommy. Maybe all it will take is for me to get my hands on another woman. Don't you see? Variety is the spice of life, and it's been a long time since I tried my luck with another woman. Maybe I'm just bored with everything Grace can do."

It was hard for Tommy to see how that could be possible, but he nodded his head in understanding. Now he was sure what Fred was leading up to, and he didn't know if he would be able to refuse him the opportunity. The younger coach was dead certain it would never work anyway. He just couldn't see his wife Linda letting anybody else touch her, not after the resistance she had already shown him – and he was married to her.

Furness had a faraway look in his eyes as if he were dreaming of successfully getting back his virility. Then he curled his lip in a half-smile and looked back at Tommy.

"And maybe I can help you out. Sort of a return favor for taking care of Grace for me," he chuckled. "That would be poetic justice, wouldn't it?" he leered.

"How do you mean?" Tommy asked, feeling his heart pounding in his throat. How would he be able to say no if Fred insisted?

"I mean, if we work it right, I can try to get a hard-on with your wife Linda. And she might learn a thing or two, if I take the time and patience I did with Grace when we first got together. Hell, the more I think about it, the better it sounds. I've always kind of had the hots for Linda."

Tommy's head was reeling with confused thoughts. After having already fucked Fred's wife twice, he couldn't very well say he didn't like the idea of another man getting into the sack with Linda. Also, he hated to make Fred angry and lose all future chance at the voluptuous Grace. He sat stupefied in his chair.

"Do you think you could go along with it, Tommy?" Furness asked, his voice almost pleading.

"After what you did for me, I can't very well say no," Tommy finally managed to reply. "But I just don't think there's the slightest possibility that Linda would go for it. I told you how she even holds me off most of the time."

Furness waved his hand as though how Linda might feel was not even worth considering. "Let me worry about that. Just tell me it's okay, and that you'll help me if I need it and have a talk with her. Is it a deal? Don't let me down, buddy. I've got a lot at stake."

Tommy hesitated before making an answer. He pictured for a moment his young wife's voluptuous body under the caresses of this man who was practically a stranger to her, but finally he decided it could never get to that point and he relaxed a little.

"Well, I guess you could try," he finally conceded. "But I don't see how I could help you. Besides, you'll be wasting your time."

"Hell, maybe just making a good college try will get me excited enough that I can just run home and give Grace a good lay. She'd like that, all right. And so would I. You'll give me a hand then? It's the last favor I'll ever ask, Tommy. Come on."

Feeling a little as if he were promising candy to a starving child even when he knew there wouldn't be any to give, Tommy relented. "Okay, but don't blame me if it doesn't work out. I warned you."

"That's my old friend talking now," Fred exulted. "You don't have to do much. Just get us together alone. Let me think a minute. It's got to be a reason that will make sense to Linda; otherwise it won't work," he mused, getting up from the chair and pacing back and forth as he planned his strategy.

Fred Furness was secretly gloating to himself as he moved around in the tiny office. His plan was working out just the way he'd known it would. Once he was alone with Linda with Tommy's blessing, he could play the tape he had made the day before and she was bound to break down. He could even play the impotence ruse with her if necessary and prey on her sense of pity. He felt certain that that, coupled with her anger about Tommy and Grace, would make her an easy mark for his designs. He licked his lips greedily at the gorgeous feast she would make when he got her onto his bed. Abruptly he stopped in his tracks and turned to Tommy as if he had finally come up with a way of getting what he wanted.

"That it! Linda majored in psychology at college, didn't she?" he blurted out.

"That's right," Tommy answered. "But how…?"

"It's perfect. You tell her that Grace and I have been having marital problems, and persuade her to call me. Tell her we want to ask

her advice, and then when she shows up at our apartment, Grace will be gone. From there on out, it's my ball game. And you know me. I'm a good sport. If I lose, that's the way it goes, and I'll forget all about it."

"Hell, everybody likes to give advice. It makes them feel superior," Furness came back at him. Suddenly his face turned angry and mistrustful. "Look, pal, if you don't want to do that much for me, just tell me, and we'll forget all about it," he growled. He made a move as though he were intending to leave the office, stopping by the door to hear Tommy's answer.

"Don't take it that way, Fred. I don't want you to be disappointed, that's all. She's not very experienced, and you might reach a dead end fast."

Furness relaxed and released his hold on the doorknob. "I'll take my chances. You do your part, and leave the rest to me. Okay?"

"Okay," Tommy sighed. "I'll tell her you and Grace need somebody you trust to talk to. But I make no promises that she'll even want to come."

"Fair enough. I'll expect to hear from Linda tomorrow or the next day. The sooner I make a last stab at working this thing out, the better I'll feel. Thanks, Tommy. You're a real friend. Mention my little difficulty with impotence. Maybe she'll look something up in a book and fix us up without any trouble. Stranger things have happened. See you later."

"So long, Fred," Tommy called after him as the door closed. He sat for a long time in the deserted gym building, wondering if he had done the right thing by agreeing to Fred's request. He couldn't come up with a satisfactory alternative considering the events of the past week, and finally he shrugged and shoved it into the back of his mind. He didn't think there was one chance in a hundred it would ever work out the way Fred was hoping, but it was the least he could have done to let him try. Meanwhile, he had another date to meet with Fred's wife Grace the following day, and the thought of that to look forward to picked up his spirits.

He left the gym in a happier mood, whistling as he drove out of the empty parking lot.

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Linda Singleton was more confused and bewildered than ever. Tommy had come home the night before and told her he had been

spending a lot of time with the Furnesses, trying to help them with a problem they were having; he had mentioned something about Fred being temporarily impotent. Linda had been so relieved to learn that Tommy had not been going out with other women after all that she had readily agreed when he had asked if she would attempt to bring the older couple back together before it was too late. She had called Fred Furness that very evening while Tommy listened and made an appointment to meet them on Sunday afternoon in their apartment. She didn't say anything about Fred's previous visit, when he had attached the tape recorder to the telephone. She was not quite sure how Tommy would take her participation in Fred's spying on his wife's activities.

Then, early Saturday morning, while Tommy was out of the house coaching the Little League baseball team from the neighborhood, Fred had called again. He sounded more depressed and desperate than ever, and begged Linda to come over as soon as possible that day. Since it was Saturday, Linda promised that just as soon as she could finish the housework and the little bit of shopping she had to do, she would pass by the apartment.

As she rang the doorbell and waited, she couldn't help recalling the obscene sounds she had heard the last time she had been there. She wondered vaguely what she or Tommy would be able to do for this couple, but, having promised, she couldn't back out now even if she wanted to.

Suddenly she heard footsteps approaching inside the door. It opened, and she stood face-to-face with Fred Furness. He looked even more concerned and worried than before, and she felt so sorry for him it was all she could do to keep from reaching out to him with her hand to comfort him.

"Thanks for coming, Linda," he said in a voice filled with despondency. "I don't know what I would do if there weren't someone I could talk to about this thing."

"I don't know if I'll be any help at all, Fred. But I'll try. That's what friends are for." Before now, she had never really considered the Furnesses to be friends of hers, but after going through all that unfounded worry about Tommy, she felt very sympathetic toward them. She even felt a little guilty in a way, because she found herself secretly thankful that it was the Furnesses and not herself and Tommy who were in this predicament. She was trying to decide whether she should tell Grace Furness in private that she had heard the other day outside the door, when she became aware of the fact that Fred must be alone in the apartment.

"Where's Grace?" the innocent young bride asked, slightly nervous at being alone with Fred. She wouldn't want Grace to think anything

was going on without her knowledge.

Furness made an angry gesture with his hand. "Grace and I had another knock-down, drag-out argument earlier this morning before I called you, and she walked out. I had positive proof of my suspicions this time and she couldn't take it. The two-timing bitch!" he snarled.

"I'm so sorry," Linda consoled him. She had a fleeting image in her mind of Fred playing the tape he had made in her bedroom, and she was filled with a terrible sense of responsibility. Perhaps she should have refused to let him use her for that purpose, but she didn't know what she could have done. She sat down nervously on the edge of a chair and watched Fred pace back and forth, almost inaudible curses spewing from his lips.

Suddenly he stopped in front of her and looked down into her face. "I hate to bring you into this awful mess, Linda, but I see no other way," he said at length.

Linda was surprised at his expression. Now he seemed to be looking at her with compassion, almost as if it were she instead of he who was having the trouble.

"Tommy mentioned the problem I've been having with my wife, didn't he?" Furness asked.

Thinking he was talking about the inability to make love to his wife, she nodded her head and blushed, not being accustomed to discussing such matters with anyone except her own husband.

"Good," Fred went on. "Then I don't have to break the bad news myself. What are we going to do about it?" he demanded in a voice that was suddenly gruff and vindictive.

"I-I don't understand," she stammered. She couldn't imagine why her neighbor thought she herself should do anything except perhaps offer some advice.

"Don't understand? I mean how do we even the score with those two! If they think they can do this to us and get away with it, they're crazy!" he practically shouted at her.

The full implication of his words struck her like a sledgehammer. She felt her whole body tense. She hadn't had the slightest idea that this was what he wanted to talk about, and she braced herself, afraid she just might go to pieces. It couldn't possibly be true! Not her own husband with Grace! The stunned young bride sat speechless before her husband's friend of so many years, her eyes wide open in disbelief.

Fred Furness watched her shocked reaction with inward glee. He knew she was completely surprised by his words, and he could see on her face her frantic attempts to hide her feelings. Slowly, he pretended that it was just dawning on him that she did not know what had been going on.

"My God!" he breathed. "I thought Tommy had already told you

about it. Here, let me get you a drink." He hurriedly mixed a strong vodka and soda and handed it to her with an air of commiseration.

"I suggest you slug a little of this down. It might make it easier for you," he told her.

Linda continued sitting stiffly for what seemed a long time, not yet able to trust her hands to hold the glass. Finally, she took a deep breath and accepted it, hoping it would wash away the choking feeling she felt in her throat. "All right," she whispered in a soft voice. "Thank you."

She sipped slowly at the burning liquid, fighting to control the tears which threatened to flood up into her eyes, still nursing a dim hope in the back of her mind that it was all a mistake, that Fred Furness was jumping to conclusions completely unfounded in fact.

"You'd better drink all of it. This is a pretty rough thing to take, so you'd better sit back. I don't want you falling off the chair when you hear this," he said, opening a drawer under the coffee table. She watched uncertainly as he pulled out the transistor tape recorder he had brought to her apartment, put it on the table and started to sit down on the couch opposite her. Suddenly there was a noise in the hallway, and he tilted his head and listened intently as the door to another apartment opened and closed.

"You can hear everything in this place," he complained. "I'd rather the neighbors didn't know what's on the tape. Come on into the other room and I'll close the door. And bring your drink," he ordered, not giving her a chance to object before he led the way.

Reluctantly, Linda managed to get up from where she sat. Her knees felt weak and trembled slightly as she followed him toward the back of the apartment. When she saw it was the bedroom he was taking her to, she hesitated in the doorway before finally deciding to enter. Then she crossed past the foot of the big double bed and sat in the chintz armchair by the window.

"I'm sorry to be the one to break the news to you," Fred said in a convincing voice. "If I'd known, I wouldn't have blurted it out like that. But what's done is done," he apologized.

Without any further waiting, he leaned forward over the tape recorder he had placed on the bedside table and switched it on. Linda held her outward calm now by sheer force of will, but involuntarily she sucked in her breath when the first sounds came to her ears. At first there was only the slight rustle of clothes being hurriedly removed, coupled with the almost undetectable noises of heavy breathing.

"I've left out the first part," he explained. "This is what I'm certain you'll be most interested in."

There was near silence for a moment, and then she could hear a

woman's voice coming through.

"Have you had many women? Other than your wife, I mean."

"That's my wife Grace," Furness whispered, watching the expression on Linda's face intently.

"Enough." It was the familiar voice of Linda's husband Tommy coming over the speaker; even the distortion of the telephone could not keep her from recognizing him. Her face turned almost white. There was a pause and then Grace's voice continued and was answered by Tommy's.

"Is Linda good in bed?"

"She's too inexperienced."

Linda gasped out loud and her face flushed. Furness reached forward and switched the recorder off. Smiling secretly to himself at her husband's remark about her sexual capability, he was thinking it might be enough to set her off.

In spite of the suggestive nature of the conversation she was hearing on the tape, Linda felt compelled to make a defensive comment. "T-that proves they were together. But it still doesn't mean they were doing anything wrong."

"Better take another big slug of vodka, Linda. You're going to need it," was Furness' answer.

She needed no coaxing this time. She took over half the remaining liquid in one quick swallow, coughing slightly from the burning effect in her throat. Furness switched the recorder on again. She could hear the sounds of heavy breathing, movement on a bed, and then Grace Furness again.

"You want to fuck me again, don't you?"

"Yes, God, yes I want to!" Tommy's voice answered, almost breathless with excitement.

"Ohhh, nooo!" Linda wailed in disbelief. Worse than hearing the lewd, obscene words on the tape was hearing that word "again". So Tommy had been going around with other women! At least with one other woman – Grace Furness, his best friend's wife.

There was a slight pause in the voices, but the breathing became heavier and she could hear a more intense movement on the bed.

"How?"

"I want to fuck you deeper and harder than you've ever been fucked before."

Tommy's voice came through with a guttural passion she had never heard him use in their own love-making. She sat thunderstruck, her face flushing a bright red from the humiliation of listening to her own husband making love to another man's wife with that man sitting right in front of her.

"Oh, God, fuck me now before I die!"

There was another long delay while unmistakable sounds came to Linda – sounds of clothes hurriedly ripped from a man's body. The shrill sound of a zipper being undone came through loud and clear.

And then the springs of the bed gave a loud squeak, followed by the voices again.

"Ohhhhhhhh! Put it in, darling. Hurry and put it in me!"

Fred Furness maintained his outward appearance of indignation as he heard his wife moaning in the excitement of abandoned intercourse with Linda Singleton's husband, but an inward sadistic satisfaction coursed through him as he watched the horrified helpless expressions crossing the young bride's face. He felt his cock jerk slightly in his pants as he saw her knees fall apart, unnoticed in her state of shock. A small white band of nylon panties was plainly visible under her mini-skirt as she sat immobile across from him. God, he wanted to grab her now and throw it to her on the bed while they listened to the tape of her husband screwing his wife Grace. But he knew women well enough by now to realize he had to wait until she had recovered from the shock, until anger had set in. There was nothing a wronged woman wouldn't do for revenge, no matter how moralistic she might be under normal circumstances. He could bide his time for a while and give her temper the opportunity to build up.

"Ohhhhhhh! God, it feels good! Hurt me! Put your finger in my ass!" Fred's wife droned on.

Linda's hands were shaking, almost out of control. She turned up the glass and drained the last of the drink he had given her in a futile attempt to blot out the ugly pictures forming in her mind. In spite of herself she visualized her husband grunting and sweating over the woman whose voice moaned from the tape. It was like seeing the faded dirty movies she had heard described in risque whispers at cocktail parties before she was married. It seemed to her she could even feel the rhythm of the two twisting and churning bodies locked together in obscene intercourse as she heard their gasps and groans coupled with the slight squeaking of the bed.

Other words cane through, ugly and lewd-sounding, words she had seldom heard spoken before and that, in her innocence, she had almost forgotten existed. Finally she heard the woman's cry of fulfillment coming as if from a great distance, and her whole body stiffened almost as though in sympathy with the other's orgasm. Then she heard the louder, deeper groans of wildly abandoned excitement.

Tommy's groans!

My God! she thought. What was the woman doing to him? He sounded like he was going out of his mind with ecstasy!

A low, earth-shaking moan rumbled up from Tommy's throat, signaling his obvious climax, and Linda flushed at the thoughts

running through her head. She found herself trying to picture what she herself could do to elicit such a strong response from her husband. All of a sudden she wished she could actually see what was happening, and she glanced at the bed in front of her where it had all taken place.

Fred Furness reached over and flipped the switch to turn the recorder off.

"I think that's enough," he said, a forced note of anger in his voice. He was anxious to get to this delicious blonde sitting only a few feet from the bed where he wanted her. "Anyway, it proves my point."

Linda could think of nothing more to say. She sat there as if in a hypnotic trance caused by the shock she had just gone through.

Fred got up and walked across to where she was sitting, gently taking the empty glass from her hand to keep her from dropping it and placing it on a table. He looked down at her with false sympathy in his eyes.

"What are we going to do about it?" he asked in an even voice.

"Oh, God, God, I don't know," Linda blurted out, dropping her head into her hands and sobbing like a small child. "I j-just didn't think Tommy would ever do a thing like that."

"What about me?" Furness demanded in an angry tone, ignoring the way she was crying into her hands before him. "I'm just as much hurt by it as you are." He sat on the edge of the bed and stared at the whiteness of her almost completely exposed upper thighs. The lewdly excited older man could clearly see the "vee" up between her legs now and he could feel small beads of sweat breaking out on his upper lip as he studied their delicious fullness. Obscene thoughts of how tight her wet little pussy would feel passed maddeningly through his mind.

Shrewdly calculating his every move, he allowed her a few minutes for the initial emotional reaction to wear off, and then took a clean white handkerchief from his pocket and began to gently dry her eyes. He did it slowly, not wanting to make any sudden move that would destroy her confidence in his presence. He knew that his wife Grace would be coming with Tommy Singleton within the next hour and he would have to get her in his power before that moment came. He had seen nothing but contempt in Linda's eyes until now and he knew it was going to be a difficult proposition, but the effect of the tape was gradually changing things in his favor and it wouldn't be long now until he could have her right where he wanted her.

"I-I guess you think I'm an idiot carrying on this way, Fred," Linda sobbed up at him from her sitting position.

"No, of course not. More than anybody else right now, I can understand how you feel. It's the same for me, believe me," he said in a tone of controlled outrage.

"I'm sorry. I-I just didn't think of how it must make you feel. I was so shocked I didn't even think about the fact it was your wife that he was – was – doing it to." She stumbled over the words as she tried to think of a way to express what she wanted to say. Finally, the unhappy young bride straightened herself in the chair and looked directly into Fred Furness' eyes.

"W-what do you think we can do about it?" Linda asked hesitantly. "We can't change what's happened now."

"I know what we should do about it, but I'm sorry to say that it won't work," he said, looking down at the floor as if he was ashamed of what he had to say to her.

"W-what do you mean?" Linda stammered.

He stood up suddenly in mock anger and slapped his clenched fist into his left palm. "We should give them a taste of their own medicine. Let them know what it feels like to find out that your wife or husband is making out with someone else. That would teach them a lesson they would never forget." He paused a moment and then slowly added, "But we can't do that – for a reason that Tommy knows very well. I should never have told him I had anything wrong, damn it! Then maybe this would never have happened."

"I don't understand, Fred," Linda told him in a tone of rising hysteria.

Fred stared at her for a long time and then blurted out, "I haven't been able to do anything sexually for Grace for several months now. The doctor says I'm impotent."

Linda felt pity and sudden understanding flood into her as she heard the words. Then she recalled Tommy's remarks to that effect earlier. That explained why Grace would do such a thing, and she felt sorry for both her and Fred. But she still couldn't forgive her own husband for taking advantage of the situation. It was the most cruel thing he could have done to his so-called best friend, not to mention the way it made Linda herself feel. She was so ashamed for the actions of her husband that she could hardly meet Fred's eyes. Then suddenly what Fred had been suggesting dawned on her, and she suppressed a gasp, not wanting to hurt him even more by showing her revulsion at the thought.

"When I first suspected what was happening, I thought it might relieve Grace's tensions with me a little," Fred put in, a thoughtful expression on his face. "But now she acts like maybe she would like to leave me, and I couldn't stand the idea of her running away with another man. Not after all these years." He clenched his fists in a gesture of helpless anger. "God, why do things have to be so difficult!"

"M-maybe we could try what you suggested," Linda said warily, putting her hand on his arm to calm him down. She had thought it

over quickly, and she decided that there could be no harm in making Tommy and Grace think there was something between them, especially if Fred was impotent and unable to really do anything to her.

"Y-you mean you'd go along with trying to make them jealous?" Fred asked in pretended astonishment.

"If there's no other way," Linda answered. "We can't just sit back and let it happen." As she thought of the sense of desertion and injustice she would feel if her husband of only a little more than three weeks should go off and leave her for another woman, she broke down into tears.

"Jesus, don't let it get you down completely," Fred consoled her, moving to stand over her shaking figure and placing his hands tenderly on her shoulders. "There's still a chance that they'll regret what they're doing and change their minds." He could feel the softness of her flesh through the flimsy material covering her shoulders, and he let his fingers stroke soothingly across to the smooth bare skin of her slightly bent neck. "Maybe all we need is to let them see us being tender to each other and they'll see what it's like on the other side of the picture."

Gently, before she could realize what he was doing, he gripped her smoothly rounded upper arms and forced her to a standing position. Just as he had thought, as soon as she was upright she let her head fall forward against his chest. He could feel the soft warmth of her gently heaving breasts against his shirt, their full ripe firmness evident even through her dress and brassiere beneath. He let her rest her head where it was, under his chin, and slowly rubbed his fingertips up and down her arms. Little by little his body edged closer to hers until he could feel the feminine heat against him, and he longed to crush her loins up tight against his. He could feel his cock jerking eagerly in his pants as the smooth tautness of her belly and thighs came into gradual contact with his own. It was all he could do to keep from groaning out his excitement and the anticipation of what was to come if everything worked according to plan.

Finally she was relaxed against the full length of his body, letting him move his arms around behind her back to hold her like a weeping child in his embrace. Without seeming to do so, he deliberately let his right hand move lower and lower over the curved indentation of the small of her back until it rested on the place where her buttocks began to swell out behind. Under her dress he could feel the narrow elastic band holding her panties up around her hips. Her softly resilient buttocks were vibrating slightly from her persistent crying and he grinned lewdly to himself as he thought of squeezing the luscious half-moons in his fingers and evoking little squeals from her throat. Then

she gasped for air after a particularly long and uncontrollable sob, making her youthfully firm belly jerk into full contact with his now aching penis. It was almost more than he could stand and he suddenly gave her a tight crushing squeeze, placing his lips sensuously against her silken blonde hair. Then he felt her stiffen her whole body as if in surprise and fear, and he quickly pushed her away from him to look earnestly into her eyes. He had felt his pulsing cock jerk farther upward toward full erection at the enticing closeness of her body, but he didn't want her to sense his rising excitement yet and be frightened away by it. He still had a few minutes to work with before Grace would arrive with Tommy, and he wanted to work on Linda carefully so as not to spoil the advances he had made so far.

"Then you think we ought to do it?" he asked, referring to the plan of trying to make their marriage partners jealous.

"I-I just don't know," the confused innocent wife stammered. Then, as if she too were afraid she would change her mind if given half a chance, she quickly added, "All right, I'll do it… If you think it's the only way," she conceded in a faltering voice. Her sobs had gradually ceased to take her breath away and she lifted her hands to both sides of her face to push her long blonde hair back into place. The crying had flushed her cheeks to a bright pink, and her full sensual lips were moist and swollen even though she tried to pull them back over her teeth in a grimace of desperate resolution.

"It's the only way," Fred Furness stated with firmness. He let his eyes wander down hungrily over her young innocent face and on over the enticingly voluptuous contours of her body as she stood hopeless and helpless before him. Her eyelids were closed over the blueness of her pupils, small crystal tear droplets hanging in the long curling lashes, and for that reason, she missed seeing the tiny sensual smile playing over her neighbor's lips as he took in the delicious feast he was about to taste for the first time. The sense of impending triumph over this unsuspecting young bride filled him with obscene, unbounded joy – this was his greatest pleasure in life, and Linda Singleton was by far the best prize he had ever gambled for.

Man, he thought to himself, what a ball you're going to have when you cradle those soft white tits in your hands!

CHAPTER FIVE

In the parking lot where Grace Furness had told Tommy Singleton to wait for her, in a different part of the complex of buildings from where both of them lived, Tommy was sitting in his car, nervously smoking another cigarette. She had told him not to wait after two o'clock if she didn't come, and it was almost that now. He had already set his mind on another exciting afternoon in bed with her, and he was trying to decide how much longer he would wait past two o'clock. He decided to stay an extra fifteen minutes in spite of what she had told him, and at the very moment he made the decision, he saw her wending her way toward his car. She had to make her body twist and turn as she passed among the closely parked cars in front of him, and he gritted his teeth, hissing his breath out between them as he saw her fully mature breasts and hips undulating back and forth from her efforts. He abruptly decided it would be worth it to keep this thing going with her for the time being, despite his initial reservations about agreeing to let her husband try his luck with Linda. Nothing he had ever experienced could compare with the promise of pleasure her body offered him over and over again every time he caught sight of his gorgeous blonde neighbor. He flipped his cigarette away out the window and opened the door to greet her, not even glancing around first to see if anybody they knew was observing him.

"Hi, honey," she smiled as she came close. "Sorry I'm a little late, but I couldn't get away from the neighbor next door until now." She lifted her face up to his and he pressed his lips down over the moist softness she offered to him. Without hesitation her tongue slipped wetly between his lips and probed deep into his mouth, her eager body pressing full length against his sending surges of urgent heat soaring down into his loins.

"The neighbors suspect something is going on," she almost whispered to him when they finally separated. She looked carefully around the parking lot as if to see if they had been watched.

"So what?" Tommy asked, emboldened by the lustful sensations rushing through his body and his previous success with his friend's wife. "If it's all right with Fred, who cares about the neighbors?"

"We still have to live here," Grace explained a little curtly. "Believe me, it can be awfully uncomfortable if the local gossips get started on you."

"Are you trying to back out on me now?" Tommy said, surprising himself with the masculine forcefulness in his tone.

"I wouldn't do that in a million years, lover," she replied, playfully digging her fingers into his ribs. "But I think I ought to go up to the

apartment first, and after a few minutes you come up as quickly and quietly as you can. Don't use the elevator. Somebody might hear it stop and look to see who's coming onto the floor."

Feeling a sense of relief that she wasn't canceling him out that afternoon, Tommy agreed and watched her leave in the opposite direction from the way she had come. He glanced at his watch and timed himself.

A few minutes later he emerged at the top of the fire stairs and opened the door as softly as he could. To his surprise, Grace was waiting outside her door with a tight smile of complicity on her face.

She put her finger to her lips in a sign for him to keep quiet and then they entered the foyer of the apartment. When the door was shut behind them, Grace put her lips tantalizingly close to his ear and whispered, "Let's not make a sound until we're in the bedroom with the door closed. Why don't you go into the kitchen first – see if you can find us a drink while I do a couple of things to get ready?"

She let her hand graze lightly over the crotch of his pants as she left him, and he walked toward the kitchen feeling his penis throbbing slightly inside his jockey shorts. He tried his best to keep the ice from clinking into the glasses as he mixed up two gin and tonics, and then smiled to himself foolishly as he thought of the moaning and mewling noises she would be making under him in a few minutes. But if she thought it necessary to be quiet he wouldn't argue the point.

Grace did as she had told Tommy she was going to do. She went into the bedroom, stripped naked before the mirror and then put on a frothy red silk robe which she knew would excite him. She splashed a little perfume on her breast and up between her thighs and finally let herself back out of the bathroom without making the slightest sound. When she reached the door into the bedroom, she put her ear close to the wood and listened. She was disappointed not to detect the sounds of lovemaking that she wanted to hear from inside the room, and leaned down to look through the purposely enlarged keyhole.

A satisfied smile passed over her lips at what she saw. Fred is a sly one, she thought to herself. He was inside with Tommy's wife all right. And it looked like he was hot on the trail. He was holding the innocent young wife in his arms as if comforting her. At the same time his softly murmured words were paving the way for his designs on her youthful body, and Grace knew it wouldn't be long now before he got down to business.

I'd better get back to lover-boy now and do my bit, she reminded herself, and she straightened up to return to the kitchen.

"Jesus, you look great!" Tommy exclaimed when she stepped through the door. Through the almost transparent gown he could see every indentation and hollow of her tantalizing body, and in spite of

his familiarity with its firm yielding contours he sucked in his breath at the sight.

"All the better to seduce you, lover," she smirked, flipping the gown open briefly to reveal to him the delights she again offered him. A taunting smile on her face, she reached for the drink he held out to her. Now, she told herself.

Pretending not to have had a tight grip on the glass, she let it slide through her fingers and fall to the floor. It smashed into a thousand pieces at their feet, glass flying in all directions, the ice cubes skittering off under the refrigerator.

"Ohhhh!" she cried. "I'm so clumsy, Tommy. And now I've wasted the drink." She bent over and began to pick up the largest pieces of the broken glass.

"Christ! If that didn't get through to your neighbors, nothing would," Tommy exclaimed as he bent over to help her. He suddenly felt his penis jerking into life in his pants as he noticed that her knees were widespread as she knelt in front of him, the pinkly layered folds of her vaginal opening visible from his position. As he watched, the tiny inviting mouth seemed to open and close slightly from the way she repeatedly dipped and bobbed to pick up the broken glass.

Finally she noticed him staring wide-eyed at her exposed pussy, and she spread her bent knees still wider apart, giving him a better view. She made a little moaning sound with her lips and he tore his eyes from her palpitating cuntal slit to look into her eyes. She smiled a lewdly seductive smile and, disregarding the possibility of being hurt by any glass she had missed she rolled slowly back onto her haunches. Slowly she lay herself back completely on the floor and raised her knees, parting the gown to reveal her nakedness beneath in all its glory.

She lifted up her arms in invitation for him to come down on top of her, and he wasted no time in ripping off his clothes. Nothing mattered to him now but to enter that warm wet world inside her moistly flowering cunt as soon as possible. Dropping his shirt and pants into the dear puddle of gin and tonic on the floor, he lowered himself over her. They were rocking in time with each other even before his blood-inflated cock-head touched the welcoming wetness up between her thighs and they began crooning into each other's ears.

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"What was that?" Linda whispered in a startled voice in Fred

Furness' bedroom. "I didn't know anybody else was here in the apartment."

"Shhhhh! It must be Grace," admonished Furness. "She must have come back sooner than she said she would." He stood still for a long moment, listening and pretending to be thinking. Finally he grasped Linda by the arm and squeezed it hard in his fingers.

"Quick, Linda. This may be our chance. Get some of your clothes off before she comes in here." At the same time as he was talking, he was taking off his shirt, nearly ripping the buttons out of the material in his haste.

"W-what did you say?" she asked in stark disbelief.

"Undress, damn it! Don't you want to go through with making Tommy and Grace think we're up to something together the same as they are? If she sees us in here on the bed with half our clothes off that will be all it takes – you can be sure she'll tell Tommy as soon as she can talk to him." By now he was unbuckling his belt and his pants dropped to the floor, leaving him standing before her clad only in his jockey shorts. "Come on, Linda," he said impatiently, taking a step in her direction.

Even in her confused state of mind, Linda saw that Fred was about to begin undressing her himself if she didn't do it, so hesitantly she reached up to the back of her neck and lowered the zipper there before lifting the mini-dress slowly up over her head.

Furness watched with glowing heat in his eyes as she revealed little by little the white nylon panty-briefs tautly bulging with her firmly rounded hips and buttocks. The scarcely concealed mound of her pubic hair formed a tight triangle under the flimsy material, with little blonde wisps showing slightly around the edges. Furness fought to keep down the excitement in his loins which threatened to cause his penis to jerk up into a blood-engorged erection inside his shorts. He watched as the hem of her dress slowly slipped up over the elastic band at the top of her panties, finally unveiling to his gaze the white smoothness of her belly centered with its tiny round navel. He wanted to drop to his knees then and there and thrust his tongue into the shallow hollows of her torso and rip down her panties with his hands to get at the pink-lipped slit hidden under them, but he held himself back, knowing it wouldn't be long before he could finally sink his fully hardened cock up to the hilt in the moist almost virginal narrowness of her pussy. He gasped audibly as her burstingly filled brassiere came into view, the full vibrant orbs of her breasts beneath straining at the garment like ripe fruits. Then Linda lifted the dress over her head and folded it neatly over the back of the chair at the foot of the bed.

She felt Furness' eyes burning into her like fire even before she looked up to meet his gaze, and her cheeks blushed bright red with

embarrassment from undressing before a man who was not her husband. She had never quite got used to taking off her clothes even in front of her Tommy, and this was even worse. He looks at me just the way Tommy does, she reflected in her confusion. Unconsciously, she tried to cover her partial nakedness with her hands, but it was useless, and finally she let her arms hang limp at her sides and stood docilely before his obviously lustful gaze.

"Linda…" Fred Furness began, his voice husky, his hand again closing firmly around her arm, drawing her toward him.

"No, please, don't," Linda protested as he tried to envelop her in a tight caressing embrace. Involuntarily her body stiffened and her heart began to thud uncomfortably in her rib cage as without another word, she jerked away from him and darted toward the bed, wishing as she flung herself onto the mattress that she could hide her body from him by pulling the covers right up to her chin.

Without wasting any time Furness stepped over to the bedroom door and opened it enough to let sounds in and out of the room, and then he quickly returned to the bed and lay down beside Linda. She shuddered slightly as he moved closer to her, but she didn't jump up and run away in fright as Fred had thought she might. Tentatively he laid his hand on her smoothly rounded shoulder as if to calm and reassure her that they were doing only what they had to do to save their respective marriages.

Then Fred put his mouth close to her ear and whispered hoarsely. "Let's listen for her to come this way," he told her. "Then we'll have to put on some kind of convincing show."

Linda nodded her head dumbly and continued to stare at the ceiling, unable to keep from wondering if she were doing the right thing. After all, she had heard of tapes being rigged before with false voices by actors. What if that was what Fred Furness had done just to get her in this position with him?

Then suddenly all doubt was gone from her mind.

She heard the unmistakable sound of her husband Tommy's voice coming from another part of the apartment! She couldn't make out the words from where she was, but it was obvious that he was doing something to Fred's wife Grace and that he was enjoying it.

How could he! she thought to herself. Right in his best friend's apartment!

Fred had heard the sound too, and felt Linda's reaction beside him on the bed. He pretended to be shocked and surprised to learn that Tommy was in the other room with his wife, and growled into Linda's ear, "That shameless bastard is fucking my wife right now – in the kitchen!" He made a move as if to get up from the bed and go catch them in the act.

"No – wait!" Linda cried in alarm. There was no telling what would happen if Fred Furness should be confronted by the sight of his wife and Linda's husband actually engaged in the act of love. He might even completely lose control and God only knew what would happen then.

Furness let himself be pulled back down beside her, holding back as if reluctant to give in to the hand tugging at his wrist.

"Did you hear him?" he asked in an angry tone looking down at her tense young body in a distracted rage. "He's fucking my wife Grace!"

"Yes," she mumbled back, surprised at the way the lewd word strangely no longer offended her ears.

He stretched out beside her again and they lay absolutely still, staring at each other for a long moment, overhearing the increasingly passionate groaning and mewling voices echoing dimly from the other room. Suddenly Fred Furness' face hardened into a determined grimace and he seemed to come to a decision.

"Goddamnit, it's just not right! I believe in an eye for an eye, a fuck for a fuck. Why did this have to happen to me? I can't even get back at them!" he whispered roughly into her ear. Abruptly he pulled her onto her side so that they were facing each other, grinding his pelvis tightly into hers and sliding his hand down to the contoured roundness of her buttocks, forcing her loins to stay pressed against his.

Inevitably, he felt his cock jerking wildly and swelling with the engorging blood pumping hotly into it.

"Oh, no, God, no, we can't, we can't!" Linda whimpered into the wetness of his mouth trying to clamp itself against hers, forgetting for the moment that he had said he was impotent. She tried to squirm away from him but his strength was too much for her and she only succeeded in worsening her position, not daring to struggle too much or to cry out for fear of bringing attention to themselves. She had suddenly decided that she didn't want to even pretend that she and Furness were having a secret affair. She only wanted to get dressed and get out of there as soon as possible and leave the whole sordid sequence of events behind. She no longer believed she could look either Tommy or Grace in the face again without being filled with disgust, and she would never, never be able to let Tommy touch her again.

"Why not? Your husband's fucking my wife!" Furness growled, holding her body in contact with his in spite of her vain struggles to escape the vise-like grip of his arms.

"B-but you said you couldn't make love! You told me that was the reason why Grace got involved with Tommy in the first place," she pleaded, not comprehending. She couldn't help but notice the rigid

shaft of insistently pulsating flesh pressing into the yielding firmness of her belly, and it suddenly dawned on her that, whatever was true before about his not getting an erection, he had one now and he wanted to put it up inside her unwilling vagina.

"Yeah," Furness snorted. "That's what I told Tommy, and he agreed to do me the favor of taking care of Grace for me – but that's all changed now. Feel that?" And before she could resist, he took her hand in his and relentlessly forced it down between their bodies on the bed, uncoiling her fingers and wrapping them around the thick throbbing rod still inside his shorts.

"Oh, please. Please don't do it to me!" she cried, tears again bubbling to her eyes. He was much stronger than she and had her in a position where she couldn't fight back and he knew it. There was no chance that her husband Tommy would come to her aid even if she should call out to him. He would only think they had been up to something all along without his knowledge.

Her body stiffened as she felt Fred Furness begin massaging the taut trembling cheeks of her buttocks from behind and pulling her loins still tighter against his. As he ground against her, his mouth now locked wetly to her tightly compressed, resisting lips, she gasped and held her breath. The frightened young wife managed to pull her hand away from the fleshy shaft, but now the pulsing thick hardness of his penis in his shorts was grinding into her genitals – and inexplicably she could feel a tingling sensation down there, a gradual moistening of the narrow band of nylon pressing into the quivering vaginal slit up between her thighs. Sudden uncontrolled sensations began to course through her body against her will, and she clenched her eyes tightly shut, fighting against it with all her strength.

Through the rushing noises filling her confused mind, she heard the occasional high-pitched whine of Grace's voice intermingled with lower guttural grunting and moaning noises spilling out of Tommy's throat. She could feel Fred's insistent moist tongue thrusting again and again against her compressed lips as it tried to force its way into her mouth, flicking and lashing like a serpent striking from the wet cavern engulfing her lips. Her body pitched and writhed against his like a trapped animal trying desperately to escape, but his harsh fingers began nipping and teasing at her turgidly erect nipple through the thin cloth of her brassiere, and the lewdly persistent hardness of his penis kept on rubbing into her loins, bringing further soft moans of helpless submission from deep in her chest. The thought of her very helplessness and of her husband a few yards away in the kitchen making love to another woman were too much for her tortured mind.

Furness made a long slow, sweeping motion of his hand over the roundly curving contours of his blonde neighbor's body from her thigh

all the way up over the voluptuous swell of her hips and buttocks to the resilient firmness of her breast, finally pulling his open mouth away from hers. "God, you're really built, baby. I'm going to enjoy this swap."

Linda turned her face into the bedspread, her long blonde hair falling to cover it from his view, whimpering as she felt the lewdly delicious feelings still rippling across the surface of her skin. It had suddenly dawned on her that this whole thing had been planned very carefully for this moment, but the realization of what was going on had come too late.

Her body jerked slightly as she felt Fred's fingers hooking under the clasp of her brassiere, and she moaned trying again to pull away, using all her will power to overcome the strange sensations still building up against her will deep in the pit of her stomach.

"Baby, I'm going to fuck you, and fuck you good. That'll teach you to treat me like some kind of low-life slob," he growled, grinning triumphantly as he finally succeeded in undoing the clasp holding her brassiere. "And I'll be returning the favor to your husband at the same time."

Linda gasped again and held her breath, instinctively thrusting her breasts tightly against his chest to prevent his pulling away the now uselessly dangling brassiere. But nothing could stop him now, and an electrifying shock rippled along the naked flesh of her legs as she felt him slipping a finger slowly but surely under the tight elastic leg band of her panties. She squirmed back from him a little, whimpering helplessly as the tip of his finger found her narrow sensitive pussy-slit and gently thrust up into it, parting the soft pubic curls and making sudden maddening contact with the tiny pulsing bud of her clitoris. It was wet and slippery from the unwanted desire coursing through her body, and she sucked in her breath tightly to hold back me groan of pleasure building up unbidden in her chest. She couldn't make a sound, couldn't let Fred know he was having such an effect on her, couldn't broadcast her presence to the wanton couple in the other room.

"Spread your legs a little, baby," Furness ordered. "I want 'em open wide."

"Oh God, please don't, please don't make me," Linda begged. "Not while Tommy is in there."

"Too late now, baby," Furness said with a cold cruel grin playing across his lips. He knew now that this would be the worst humiliation she could suffer at his hands, and the realization increased his anticipation twice as much. It would do his heart good to know she would suffer more from his violation of her innocence because of her husband's presence. "This is what I've been waiting for, and I'm not

going to let all my plans go down the drain. Besides, Tommy's out there balling my wife. Why shouldn't we enjoy ourselves?" he added.

"You mean you thought all this out before?" The brutal realization that she had been led into this like a naive young school girl suddenly hit her with all the impact of a sledgehammer.

"Hell, yes," he gloated proudly. "You don't think that fool husband of yours would have had the gumption to seduce my wife on his own, do you? No, baby, it was your sweet little ass that got him where he is now and nothing more. And I intend to get a lot out of you for it." Abruptly he let go of her and got up, slipping his shorts down at the same time.

"Now it's game time, baby. Get naked," he commanded, a cruel glint in his eyes that told her he meant what he said.

Linda stared across the room in disbelief. She had been trying to hold the loose brassiere in place with her hands, but when he stood in front of her completely naked, his thick hard cock standing out toward her from beneath his slight paunch, she unconsciously let the garment fall away from her shoulder.

Furness glared hungrily at the exposed whiteness of her vibrantly out-thrust breasts with a lewd grin on his lips and began stroking the heavy uncircumcised foreskin back and forth over his hard bulbous cock-head.

"Like that, honey?" he smiled, enjoying the brutal torment he was subjecting her to. "Bet your husband never had anything like that to shove up in you," he continued, sadistically, enjoying the horrified girl's torment, watching the contorted expressions of paralyzing fear cross over her face. Linda tried to speak in protest, but she was completely frozen on the bed as she watched him lewdly stroking himself before her. Against her will, her eyes dropped again to the rigid fleshy penis he was holding in his hand.

My God, it was thick!

In spite of her fear, she found her mind wondering how a woman could take such a thing up inside her without being split completely apart. He was built and he knew it, and stood for a moment longer reveling in the fear the menacing hardness of his still swelling cock brought to her eyes.

He started slowly toward her.

"D-don't touch me," Linda finally managed to stammer through her immobilizing fear, her voice a husky whisper over which she had no control. She knew she could never escape him now – he was going to ravish her helpless body no matter how she pleaded with him not to do it.

"Are you going to take off those panties, or do I have to do it for you?" he snarled, reaching out a threatening hand.

Linda mustered all her strength and will power and made a desperate lunge, vainly attempting to duck under his arm and run for the door. But he was too fast for her, and she felt his vise-like grip clamp around her wrist and jerk her up into a standing position between Furness and the bed. She stood motionless, all hope gone. There was nothing else she could do against his strength and determination. She was completely at his mercy to do with as he wished. Her brassiere was hanging loose from her upper arms, useless below her ripely rounded breasts, and he reached out with his other hand and lightly removed it, dropping it carelessly to the floor beside them.

Then he suddenly without warning jerked her hard against him, cupping her face in his palms. With an evil triumphant grin he pressed his wet lips tightly down over hers, this time thrusting his tongue deep up into the depths of her mouth before she had time to clamp her teeth together.

Linda stood limply in front of him now, feeling the hardness of his penis digging into the yielding softness of her stomach. A last faint thought of trying to tear herself away from him flickered through her mind but faded with the pain of his fingers digging into the sides of her face.

"That's a girl," he breathed into her mouth softly. "I'm going to do it to you nice and easy."

The aghast young bride's eyes closed to blot out the horror and ugliness of it all. She was dimly aware of his hands leaving her face and snaking around her rib cage to fondle and pinch lightly at the resilient roundness of her sensitive heaving breasts, holding her in place by pulling at the pinkly erect nipples. She heard him mutter a faint sigh of lusty appreciation as he explored them with his fingertips, and then his lips left her mouth as he dropped down before her. She swayed above him, her eyes still closed as he took first one, and then the other sensitive nipple in his hotly working mouth, his nibbling teeth sending surprising chills running up and down her spine. Her breath was coming in great gasps now, as she struggled to keep from fainting and falling backward onto the bed, and then she felt his fingers hooking in the elastic waistband of her white nylon panties and slowly pulling downward.

She sucked in breath to fill her lungs and then held it, tightly clenching her upper thighs together to prevent him from totally exposing her most secret parts to his eyes. But he pulled the panties slowly down over the quivering smoothness of her fully rounded buttocks, and when they caught at the juncture of her pressed-together thighs, he gave one swift downward jerk, ripping the flimsy material into useless shreds.

There was nothing left. She stood before him completely naked like a vestal virgin before an altar of sacrifice in times of old, except that before her on his knees she could hear him panting in lustful jubilation. She swayed dangerously, almost losing her balance as she felt his lips slip wetly down over her quivering belly and then press tightly into her defenselessly naked flesh, his tongue boring like an obscene worm into her navel. The sudden indecently darting contact sent another chill racing through her body and she automatically reached forward with her hands, locking them in his hair to keep from falling. Mistaking this for total surrender he dropped his lips to the "vee" up between her marble-white thighs, spreading the soft blonde pubic hair with his thumbs and flicking his tongue lizard-like into the moistly flowering slit of her vagina.

Linda jumped from the sudden, electrifying contact with the tiny quivering bud of her clitoris, losing her balance and falling backward toward the bed. The edge of the mattress caught her behind the knees and she sprawled flat on her back, her legs opening wide as she landed.

Fred Furness leaped forward and caught her in that position as she kicked to close her legs. He clamped his sweating palms against the wriggling insides of her straining thighs and held her as she landed. Legs spread wide apart and eyes open wide in abject terror, she struggled to close them but it was a hopeless one-sided battle. She could see him now kneeling on all fours down between her widespread thighs grinning up at her between her proud upstanding breasts like a beast of prey about to pounce on its helpless, fear-stricken victim and devour it in savage feast. The moistly trembling flesh of her naked vagina was presented up to his leering face in defenseless sacrifice and she lay frozen to the mattress, her humiliation complete as she watched his tongue slowly circling his thick sensual lips in preparation for the ravishment about to take place.

Again, he placed his palms flat against the inside of her thighs, his thumbs resting on the softly quaking flanges of her cunt. Then, with a slow torturing outward movement of the thumbs he drew the pink outer folds slowly apart, exposing the moist inner mouth to the mercy of his gaze. He watched it greedily for a moment and then with an animal-like groan he dropped his head to bury the full length of his darting slippery tongue snakelike up into the warmly throbbing walls of her pussy.

She jerked, a soul-shattering moan escaping from deep in her chest, her buttocks grinding down into the mattress trying to escape the maddening assault on her secret almost virginal genitals.

"Oh God! Oooooh, oooooh!" she whimpered before his depraved

attack, her head up off the mattress, watching in horrified disbelief that this nightmare was actually happening to her as his head began to rock up and down in greedy feast between her legs below.

"It can't be, it can't be," she groaned over and over to herself in undisguised humiliation, her head falling back on the mattress and flailing helplessly from side to side as his tongue speared in and out of the involuntarily dilating lips of her cunt. In spite of her terror and revulsion at the horrible things being done to her defenseless cunt, tiny wisps of forbidden pleasure began to ripple deep down in her belly and her arms lay tensed at her sides while her firmly rounded breasts jiggled slightly from the buffeting her body was undergoing.

Once more she desperately tried to squirm free, but Furness' fingers held her relentlessly, pressing hard into her thighs, holding the unprotected plane of her nakedly spread vagina open wide to his unnatural attack.

"Nooooo… oooooo God…" she moaned again as he slipped his hotly probing tongue over the full length of her instinctively cringing vaginal slit, unable to understand the weird, almost delicious sensations he was causing to rise obscenely inside her. She held her breath as his tongue continued its salacious illicit exploration of her cringing cunt, dipping and probing the wet velvety folds, searching in the moist recesses, tantalizing her out of her innocence by teasing her moistly pulsing flesh.

"Now that's not so bad, is it baby?" Furness leered up at her from his position down between her trembling thighs, stopping his oral rape of her inexperienced vagina for a moment. Linda didn't give him an answer, though something deep inside her had to almost agree, and when, a second later, he dropped his head back down again, it was almost with a sense of profound relief that she felt his slithering tongue recommence its wanton probings. He positioned himself between her lewdly outstretched legs, licking and sucking at the moist slit, beginning to stab at the enticing furrow with renewed vigor, darting and flicking with his greedily prodding tongue, swirling and rotating around in the soft wet folds of quivering cuntal flesh. Linda moaned, her body trembling as her almost virginal pussy adjusted to the alien touch of the tireless tongue maddeningly twisting around her now hotly burning pussy.

Fred Furness' hands reached up over the white flatness of her quivering belly and dug harshly into the upthrust softness of her breasts, his fingers rolling the hardening nipples between them in unrelenting fury. As his mouth and tongue worked animal-like in hungry subjugation at the widespread tightness of her cunt, his eyes remained opened wide, watching in arrogant delight the contortions of her face up through the quivering white mounds of her breasts. He

was waiting, waiting for the first signs of total abandoned surrender he knew were sure to come.

Linda was sobbing helplessly under his attack, and then suddenly, in spite of her revulsion and humiliation, she felt her body begin to desert her. Her buttocks jerked back involuntarily at the darting tongue sending helpless spasms of delicious sensation coursing through her raw nerves.

"Oh no! No! I can't!" she cried out into the room, the cruel realization of her loss of control suddenly hitting her with its full impact, bringing further cries of shame and humiliation at the thought, not only of the obscene adultery she was committing with another man, but of the more frightening and shameful awareness that her body was now enjoying it. She clenched her teeth tightly together and fought with all her will against the tiny licking sparks that threatened to burst into sudden uncontrollable flame and devour her in her helplessness, but it was a losing battle as Fred Furness mouthed and licked ceaselessly at her naked wet loins below.

And then, after a moment of long desperate struggle within her tortured confused mind – the dam burst.

Her shamelessly aroused body suddenly convulsed spasmodically and began a slow abandoned movement up against his thrusting tongue, her hands curling down into his hair with a low, soul-stirring moan from deep in her chest. Forgotten were the thoughts of her husband in the other room, forgotten was the humiliation. All that mattered now were the delicious shafts of pleasure piercing through her flesh like tiny pricking needles of fire.

Fred sensed her sudden submissive surrender and with a savage grin thrust his relentlessly ministering tongue deeper into the quivering moist sheath of her vagina where he could feel her soft silky pubic hairs grazing tantalizingly against the tip of his nose and the sides of his cheeks as she ground her buttocks in a slow hypnotic rhythm up against his face. She was his now, he gloated to himself, watching excitedly the pained pleasure contortions of her face as her eyes clenched, her lips bared back over the whiteness of her teeth.

Yes, by God, it wouldn't be long now, he sensed with growing excitement, until he rammed it deep up into that white little belly of hers and shot his hotly spewing sperm all the way up in this tight steaming pussy. By God she wasn't too good for him anymore. She was just another hot little bitch who would soon be screaming to be fucked by any cock she could get up between her widespread thighs.

Well, he gloated with obscene delight, she'd get it all right… and get it good.

CHAPTER SIX

In the kitchen on the floor, Tommy was going almost out of his mind with the wildly wanton gyrations Grace was making with her pussy on his cock. It felt as though he was riding a wild animal in heat as his lovely blonde neighbor bucked up again and again under him, almost throwing him off her thrashing body from the inhumanely strong upward thrusts of her widespread, moistly heaving loins.

The young husband's blood-distended cock seemed to continue swelling and growing beyond all possibility as he felt it gliding slickly in and out of her tightly clinging cunt. His palms were cupping her bumping, grinding buttocks beneath, his fingers digging mercilessly into the trembling flesh as she backed her hips down away from him on the out-stroke, then flicked them in a wild circular motion back up to take his full pulsating length in to the rubbery sucking depths of her womb. Each time their heated loins twisted and ground together with a resounding impact, he felt her whole body tremble and writhe on his impaling hardness like a speared animal, deep-throated groans of wantonly abandoned passion escaping from between her clenched teeth. Tommy was aware of her firmly rounded breasts bouncing under him, pressing first into his left armpit, and then into his right like thickly turgid cocks fucking under his arms. Her neck was arched back, the tendons taut, her long blonde hair lashing back and forth on the linoleum like a cat-o-nine tails as she lost herself completely in the obscenely satisfying act she was performing so well. She held her eyes tightly closed, and her nostrils flared wide, her breath coming in great accelerating pants like that of a racehorse pushed to the limit of its powers.

Tommy could see the end coming for both of them as he stroked smoothly in and out of her hungrily clasping vagina, and he began to gradually increase the tempo of his long deep-delving thrusts into her upturned cunt. Suddenly he felt her legs jerk up at his sides to offer him even greater access to her pounding loins, her knees pressing hard into her breasts, smashing them almost flat under their combined weight, as his hips thumped rhythmically against the tautly stretched backs of her thighs. The whole flat plane of her fully exposed cunt was offered up to him to batter as he wished and he felt the fever of boiling semen begin its surge down in his balls as they slapped against her buttocks below.

She was there too!

"I'm cumming!" she groaned in wonder and delicious agony. "I'm cummming, honey! Fuck me! Harder!"

He heard her groan loudly and go on in incomprehensible

guttural syllables that no one could understand and then he felt his own volcanic explosion deep inside the tight wet confines of her quivering cunt. Its hotly juicy inner walls clasped and unclasped around his wildly jerking, throbbing cock as he spurted his thick fiery semen deep up inside her, her pussy sucking mercilessly at his endlessly gushing shaft like a hungry mouth down between her trembling legs. Finally, she arched her back far up off the hard floor to meet his last powerful lunge up into the receptive depths of her womb, and she held him there glued inside her cunt, their bodies quivering violently together for a moment as though they were poised on a high peak just before falling into a bottomless cavern.

Then at last Fred's wanton young wife let her body collapse back onto the floor, her long legs falling out limply to the sides as Tommy collapsed lamely on top of her between her lewdly out-flung thighs, their heavy breathing and moaning mingling in the room like that of exhausted runners at the end of a race. He felt her perspiration-soaked breasts and flat belly heaving under him for a long time, and then his slowly deflating cock slipped back out of her cum-filled pussy, making a soft sucking noise as the battered tip-end left the gently clutching outer lips. The thin sticky trails of their mingling orgasmic fluid seeped slowly out of her still wide-stretched vaginal opening to trickle down the narrow crevice between her buttocks and form a small pool beneath her on the floor.

When he had recovered his senses after the wild race to fulfillment with Grace Furness, Tommy released his agonizing grasp of her still slightly quivering ass-cheeks and slowly lifted himself up from her lewdly spread-eagled, satiated form.

"Mmmmmm, that was good," she moaned, her eyes looking up at him from under half-closed lids. "How can Linda resist spending all her time in bed the way you can fuck?"

"For her, it's easy," he answered thickly, his mind already preparing his temporarily relieved lust for another round with this nympho wife of his friend and working colleague. "She doesn't like fucking, and that's all there is to it," he added with a touch of bitterness in his voice. God, he was thinking, if Linda would only come on strong like that, our marriage would be heaven.

Suddenly, his heart stopped.

There came to his ears a noise that was unmistakably coming from another part of the apartment!

My God! he thought as the adrenaline began to flood into his veins. Fred must have been here all the time we were screwing! His first impulse was to grab his clothes and leave, but then he remembered. This whole thing was Fred's idea. Who knew, maybe the poor guy wanted to at least get the vicarious thrill of hearing his wife

Grace getting fucked, even if he himself couldn't do anything about it.

Then he heard another sound, more distinct this time.

It was a woman's high-pitched mewl of obvious sensual pleasure!

Without wasting any time, he stepped over the still reclining figure of Grace Furness and headed for the bedroom at the back of the apartment, feeling the chill of goose-bumps scattering over his skin as the dead certainty of what he would find in the other room struck his mind like a thunderbolt. The whole depraved scheme thought up by Fred Furness abruptly became clear to Tommy's frantic brain, and he mentally cursed himself for falling prey like a stupid kid to the conniving lecherous bastard he had been calling his friend.

If only it wasn't too late to save Linda from being debased and humiliated beyond all redemption, he thought. Then he was struck by another worse thought just before he reached the partly open door to the bedroom: Christ! What if Linda actually is in there – and she heard or saw me with Grace in the kitchen! But he knew it was too late to do anything about that now, and he rushed headlong into the bedroom.

He stopped suddenly, frozen to the spot by his utterly shocked disbelief at what he saw. Unable to move or say a word, he stared goggle-eyed at the obscenely lewd picture of Fred Furness energetically bobbing his head as he licked and sucked Linda's openly spread cunt. And his own wife, writhing and moaning in the throes of passion in an abandoned manner Tommy had never seen in her before now! She was obviously enjoying herself, giving herself up to this perversely depraved attack on her responsively swiveling cunt. This definitely was not a rape!

"You bitch!" he finally managed to choke out. "You cheating, lying bitch! Acting like an innocent nun with me at home, and then this!" He was so confused and shaken by what he was seeing that he didn't know whether to strike out at his wife, or Fred, or both of them. He stood fuming like a steam-engine about to burst from internal pressure, clenching his fists till the nails dug into his palms.

Linda was squirming and bucking under the maddening torture of Fred's flicking tongue until she thought the pounding of her heart would break through her chest. Then when her husband Tommy's voice filtered into her somewhat drink-dimmed mind through the wildly confusing sensations driving her almost crazy, her whole naked body flushed hotly with feelings of shame and humiliation.

"Oh, no!" she managed to gasp breathlessly, trying to focus her lust-glazed eyes on the face of her obviously outraged husband. But she was too far gone in her overwhelming new feelings of conscience-numbing sensuality to stop now and slowly she raised her head from the bed to get a better view. It was then she noticed that he was stripped naked and that behind him, with a knowing smile of

triumphant sexuality on her face, stood Fred's wife Grace, also naked. It suddenly came back to Linda that the two of them had actually been making love in the other room, oblivious to the fact that they were both married to other people. She closed her eyes tight and, with a sudden resolve to get whatever small revenge she could, she shut her mind and delivered her body wholly over to the pleasurable rolling sensations emanating from her ever moistening, throbbing pussy. All her instinctive reactions against the lewd act were cast aside. She was enjoying it! She was actually beginning to enjoy being sucked and kissed down there between her legs! She liked having her pussy licked by a man!

In spite of his sense of outrage still making him tremble in fury where he stood watching, Tommy felt an intense quiver down in his naked loins. His eyes were riveted on his wife's lovely sculpted form, on the jiggling fullness of her ripe young breasts, the curving white buttocks dancing beneath, the sensuous flush on her heavy-lidded face. She looked more enticing and provocative than he'd ever have thought possible, and he was aware of a powerful surge of jealousy and envy that it was Fred and not he having such an effect on her. He could just barely make out the naked wet pinkness of her widespread cunt, squirming and contracting obscenely around the swirling length of Fred's viciously probing tongue. My God, she's really hot for it, Tommy thought excitedly. She was like a madwoman, her naked white ass-cheeks clenching and unclenching frantically, her thighs like steel grips around Furness' face, her desire-inflamed cunt flexing upward to meet him with lewdly lurching thrusts.

The young husband felt his recently depleted penis slowly climbing up into manhood again as he gazed as if hypnotized at the shameless exhibition of sheer unadulterated lust before him. It hadn't been long since he had fucked Fred's wife, but even so within moments, he could feel his cock throbbing and aching in full burgeoning erection once again.

With all his strength he reeled in his frustrated anger and jealousy, and was just starting to move forward to take his rights as a husband and fuck Linda in her passionately aroused state. After all, Fred wouldn't be able to finish her off himself, he thought. Then suddenly he caught a glimpse of his friend's lower body.

He had an erection! Standing out from below his slight paunch was a rigid, club-like shaft of very potent cock-flesh, jerking and throbbing as Fred moved and slaved over Linda's pussy.

He didn't know what to think then, and suddenly from behind he felt Grace's fingers slip around his waist and possessively grasp his hardness, appreciatively fondling its length and holding him in place as though it were a handle.

"Let 'em have their fun," she whispered into his ear. "We can watch, honey." Tommy did little to resist as she pulled him toward the chair at the foot of the bed where they would have a good view of what was happening.

Linda watched the naked couple as they took their position near the foot of the bed. With horrified fascination she saw Grace take Tommy's throbbing hard cock in her hands and rub it sensuously, up and down, slowly pulling the foreskin back and forth as if it were soft resilient rubber. Then she opened her eyes wide with disbelief as the other woman willingly dropped to her knees and placed her mouth near his pulsating rod, thrusting out her moist tongue and running it lightly around the turgid glans now glistening obscenely with droplets of seeping seminal fluid.

Suddenly, Linda couldn't hold back under Fred Furness' ministrations at her cunt a minute longer. Her body felt as if it was on fire, as if every nerve ending was stretched and yearning for the pinnacle of pleasure just within her reach. Her face was coated with perspiration and her long blonde hair a damp clinging tangle around her neck. Her hotly burning vagina was raging out of control and she just had to quench the flames of lewd passion flickering inside her there. She tried to fix her gaze on the lust-inciting picture of Grace's fingers and tongue manipulating Tommy's jerking, pulsing cock but she found it difficult to keep her eyes focused – she felt as though she were being driven mad by Furness' tongue taunting her flame-seared pussy.

"Ohhhhhh, God. Oooooh! I'm about to cum!" she gurgled in a tone of delicious surprise, forgetting that her husband was nearby, watching and listening. She groaned suddenly, her hips beginning to jerk spasmodically of their own accord, the first crashing floods of orgasmic pleasure washing over her like hot waves of unbridled sensation.

Tommy gaped in open-mouthed amazement at his young wife as she sobbed out her overwhelming climax, unable to believe that this moaning abandoned woman was the cool unaffected bride who'd never even let him get close to performing this lewd act on her pinkly pulsating cunt. He could feel the maddening sensations of Grace's mouth as it finally closed juicily over the throbbing end of his thick hardened cock and felt as though his whole body would explode in excited conjunction with his wife's writhing twisting form on the bed.

"I'm cumming! I'm cummmmming! Keep sucking!" Linda mewled insanely, thrashing her lust-maddened pelvis against the feverishly working tongue Fred was still swirling around deep inside her wildly bucking cunt, delirious with the hot rushing feelings that filled her nerve-jangling body.

Without previous warning, Tommy suddenly stood up, shoving Fred's wife Grace away from him without concern, flinging himself onto the bed near his young wife's head. She was flinging her face uncontrollably from side to side, her hair whipping back and forth on the bedspread, and he harshly grasped the sides of her face in his fingers, holding it toward him.

"Now, you little bitch," he growled down at her as he knelt sideways across her with his wet glistening cock poised near her moistly parted lips. "You're going to suck my prick whether you want to or not."

He squeezed painfully at the hinges of her clenching jaws to force them open, and without further preparation inserted his bulging cock-tip between her lips still grimacing with her own mind-boggling, nerve-shattering orgasm.

From his vantage point down between Linda's widespread gyrating loins, Fred Furness watched with jealous glee as the young woman was forced to take her husband's immensely swollen cock deep into her throat. Her cheeks alternately sank in and bloated out as the thickness stroked slipperily in and out of her ovalled lips, and she gasped as she tried to keep from choking on Tommy's mouth-filling hardness, too confused by drink and lust to feel able or willing to resist.

Then at long last, the tremors of incredible sensation began to slowly subside, and Fred pulled his tongue back out of Linda's orgasm-flooded vaginal sheath.

"Now I'm going to fuck you, baby," Furness said at length. "Just like Tommy just fucked Grace – and show you what it's all about." Holding her by the ankles, Fred forced her thighs back against her smooth white breasts.

"H-hold it a minute, Fred," gasped Tommy, about to reach the bursting point again to flood his built-up semen into Linda's hotly sucking mouth. "I'm about to cum. I've wanted to do this for a l-long t-time." He was watching from heavy-lidded, lust-heated eyes his wife's grotesquely distended lips slipping and sliding wetly over his blood-swollen, pulsating cock.

Struck by a sudden new idea, Fred released her ankles and let her legs fall back limply onto the bed. "Roll her over, Tommy. She'll like getting it from both ends," Furness growled.

Tommy held Linda's face tight to his loins so that she could barely breath from the thickness embedded in the back of her throat and pulled her over on top of him. Now she was face down over his up-thrusting hard cock, between his legs splayed out on either side of her, and he watched as Furness grasped her smoothly rounded hips and raised them high up off the bed, positioning her on her knees spread

far apart and Fred himself kneeling up behind her upturned, fully exposed backside.

Furness held his throbbing thick cock tightly between his fingers with the large blood-filled head aimed at the tight elastic opening of Linda's cunt. He watched it with lust-gleaming eyes as the tiny wet lips contracted and throbbed around the pinkly flaring outer folds, letting his eyes feast for the slightest moment longer, enjoying the way her soft full ass-cheeks curved sharply down into the narrow wasp-like waist that looked fragile enough to break from the slightest pressure. On either side of his kneeling legs, he could see her milk-white thighs tapering down sharply to her small well-formed knees and then blossoming out again to the fullness of firm shapely calves. He could see her head bobbing-up and down over Tommy's shafting cock as the young husband thrust his swollen thickness again and again up into her mouth held in place by his hands tangled in her matted blonde hair.

Now Fred's penis and testicles ached as they had never ached for anything before, and he had to ram it into her before it was too late – before he spilled his hot sperm all over those softly undulating buttocks kneeling helplessly before him.

He pressed her buttocks wider apart to expose her defenseless vagina more clearly, and his nearly bursting cock jerked again as the tiny puckered anus came into view just above the moist cuntal opening. For a moment he was tempted to take her there, but that would come later when his cock, now beginning to seep clear drops of seminal fluid, had been relieved of its first insistent pressure and he could hold back longer.

He moved forward, slipping his knees as far up between her wide-stretched thighs as he could possibly go, and guided his long thick cock forward between his thumb and forefinger, gently parting the soft blonde pubic hair with the rigidity of the throbbing head. He felt the soft folds of her warm velvety cunt close wetly over the distended head of his turgid cock.

He groaned.

He had never in his life felt anything so soft and tender. Trapped between the delicious layers of wetly receptive vaginal flesh, he let it lay throbbing for a moment, the lewd contact of his thick throbbing cock pressed into the whiteness of her proffered ass-cheeks inciting him to uncontrolled feelings of lust.

Furness flexed his buttocks, all his built-up resentment toward all the lovely women who had held themselves aloof from him during his lifetime suddenly surging forward into the warm wet pussy-flesh of the groaning young wife before him. He gasped aloud through the silence of the bedroom, as he felt the tight hot walls of her contracting

cunt soothingly slipping over and then wetly enclosing the rock-hard length of his pulsating penis.

"Uggggnnnhhh!" she groaned around Tommy's cock, driving repeatedly up into the deepest recesses of her mouth. She could feel Fred's penis surging into her, pushing the smooth giving walls of her inner flesh before him like rippling waves away from a speeding ship, her body shaking before the sudden assault of his immensely thick cock-shaft. She was suddenly jerked back again into the reality of what was happening to her, her shame and humiliation returning with a vengeance as she felt her thighs and buttocks being swept wide apart by the relentless thickness tunneling up into her mercilessly from behind. And, the saliva-slickened rod repeatedly bumping like hard rubber against the roof of her mouth, Tommy's endlessly battering cock filling up her mouth made her body shudder with revulsion. She could no longer think of a reason to want to live. It would be better now if she were dead and unfeeling than to suffer the remembrance of this degrading dual rape by her own husband and his so-called best friend.

"God, what a pussy," Fred gasped from behind as he felt its warm wet walls slipping over his rigidity like hot melted butter. His head fell loosely back as his loins buffeted forward and his thick steel hard cock speared up into the helplessly struggling girl without mercy. It raced into her like a fast whirling drill boring through the depths of the earth, battering and smashing all before it in great waves of warm moist flesh until suddenly his pelvis smacked tight into her and his loins flattened her upraised buttocks with a hard sharp slap that reverberated through the room like a flat-handed blow across the face.

Linda's muffled moans of pain and humiliation went unheeded by both her husband and Fred Furness, and she felt Fred reach forward with both hands and grasp her by the shoulders, pulling her whole body back tight against him. His thick hard penis was sunk to its fullest depth up in her quivering white belly as she felt the hardness of its cock-head pressed tight against the tip of her cervix.

There was no reason to struggle or fight back any more, even if she had the strength. She had been ruthlessly conquered by Furness now, and her own husband Tommy was aiding in her total degradation by shoving his hard cock in and out of her mouth as though it was another vagina in her face. She was being used like a servile slave with two masters who were demanding that she give them everything.

Her whole body went limp and the pain in her stretching vagina lessened as she felt her soft passage expanding farther and farther with each greater rotation Fred made inside her. There was no stopping them now, and there was nothing she could do but accept

the vile obscene double rape without resistance. Nothing she could do, she reminded herself, but try to strike back at Tommy for getting her into this; she would surprise them both and give in to the delicious feelings of forbidden lust flitting through her body. She had been attempting to hold herself back from receiving any pleasure from the lewd twin screwing, but with a little effort on her part she could learn to like it.

Fred, pumping into her from behind like she was a female bitch in heat, squeezed all around her softly jiggling buttocks, his fingers digging cruelly at her cringing tiny puckered anus, and then he jerked forward again, clasping her hips and pulling her back limply over his cock while he continued to skewer and ram into her with growing abandon. His body was now a ball of sheer uncontrolled lust that had unleashed itself completely against the squirming pinkness of her moist flesh in front of him. He could feel his heated cock growing thicker and thicker in her belly, as he ground savagely into her with a wave of sadistic delight flickering across his contorted face.

Linda's spasmodic whimpers around Tommy's cock pistoning into her saliva-filled mouth stretched into a long low continuous whine, and then there was a change in the sounds she was making. Little by little, her mewling noises of protest became low hums of body-wracking passion as her warm wet cuntal muscles clasped tightly around Fred's hard-driving cock. At the same time, she let her formerly reluctant tongue begin exploring the rubbery tip-end of her husband's throbbing penis, swirling around the velvety surface of sensitive skin and flicking into the tiny slit on the end of the glans. Hypnotizing herself into a trance-like state as she concentrated on giving them what they so obviously wanted, she watched the length of Tommy's glistening cock where it protruded out from his loins and jerked up toward her mouth like a muscular snake striking into the back of her throat.

"Suck, bitch, suck it," she heard his snarling voice order her from above her head where he held himself up on his elbows to watch her – and she did. Her lips slowly began to nibble at the thrusting instrument, and she coughed and sputtered from time to time as it cut off the air in her windpipe. She gazed fascinated at the still expanding penis slowly disappearing each time up between her clasping lips until only the thick base protruded from her mouth, his testicles bouncing against her chin.

The mattress of the bed beside the wildly fucking and sucking trio suddenly sagged down as Grace Furness threw herself beside them. She had been watching with growing excitement, her body vibrating in every raw-edged nerve until she just couldn't stand by passively any longer. She had to do something to quench the new fire growing like a

furnace far up in her own dilating moist loins, and she put her face down on the mattress so she could see Fred's thickly spearing rod pushing wetly into the wide-stretched vagina of his friend's wife, then pulling back again until only the broad tip remained lodged inside, the pinkly layered lips drawing back out each time like a wet mouth trying to suck it in again. She lay over on her back and worked her head up under Linda's quivering white belly until she had a better view of Fred's cock and balls jerking back and forth into the young wife's cunt, and by turning her head just slightly she could look up between Linda's dangling full breasts to see the other woman's husband's cock slipping in and out of her distorted oval lips. Grace groaned excitedly from the effect of the lewdly obscene sights and sounds, and let her knees fall lewdly apart as she reached down with both hands and began massaging her own hotly pulsating pussy in vicarious matching rhythm with the two pumping penises.

Up behind Linda, Fred Furness could feel himself building toward the end, but he didn't mind. He had wanted to make this delicious first fuck of Linda Singleton last as long as possible, but he knew now from her suddenly responding lewd buttock movements that she was getting to like it in spite of her original aversion to the idea, and he would be able to fuck her again whenever he wanted – which would be sooner than she would believe, he chuckled to himself. He was going to cum soon and he began to fuck faster and faster, harder and harder, mercilessly battering the quivering cheeks of her gently gyrating buttocks with his hard-driving hips, his hands gripping her waist hard, squeezing the soft flesh into great white raised welts between his fingers. His lips bared back over his teeth and his breath came in short fast gasps that hissed obscenely in the room as he stared down at her slender bucking body rolling and undulating like a wounded fish jerking under water and at her bobbing head over Tommy's pistoning cock. The older man tore at her ass-cheeks with his fingers, stretching the twin moons as wide apart as he could to watch his own long aching cock disappearing into the moist pink flanges of her flowering hot cunt.

"Jesus! Jesus!" he sputtered. "Keep fucking back like that, baby! Screw it on back!"

Then the impossible happened. All of them sensed it, including Linda herself. Unconsciously, she now realized, she had been resisting the hotly licking flames spreading through her body from the dual fucking she was getting, even though she had already made up her mind to let herself go and seemed to be enjoying it. Now all the floodgates of passion locked inside her young body all her life abruptly snapped open and she began to abandon all thoughts of holding anything back from them. It was only a slightly different

thrust of her quivering loins, a strange movement of her whitely rounded ass-buttocks, but it was enough for Fred Furness to know. Linda was now trying to pull at his wetly sluicing, thick cock with the moist inner muscles of her cunt, searching out every rippling sensation she could give herself. Mounting rhythmic waves of inner contractions nibbled up and down the full length of his throbbing shaft, her cunt wash-boarding over it in hungry fascination with the new found joys of fucking she was discovering before their very eyes.

The wantonly aroused young bride moaned and hummed around Tommy's hardness as she felt her entire insides flowering open to receive Fred's cock deep in her womb. Her neighbor was screwing viciously into her, gritting his teeth with overwhelming desire, her body following him in wild abandoned jerks attesting to the fact that he had really turned her on. He could feel the smooth wet walls of her cunt clamping around his cock so moistly and firmly that it almost drove him crazy, and he plunged his rigid cock up and up, deeper and deeper into the warm soft vaginal cavern, feeling the whole of her belly flowering open in virginal delight before his onslaught as though she had never been fucked before in her life.

At the same time her young husband felt what was coming over her. She had started using her tongue slowly at first, but now Tommy could feel it swiping all around his hardness, causing his cock to jerk obscenely inside her mouth. Her lips were soft and smooth and clasped tightly to him in a close elastic ring. He could feel them with pained intensity moving down his cock and taking as much of him as she could in her mouth, surrounding him with the hot moist warmth of her saliva and the tender licking probes of her tongue. He pressed his hands on either side of her hollowing cheeks and pressed inward.

The virginally aroused blonde began to suck him with a moist nibbling pressure and her tongue lapped and curled around him as though she had done this a thousand times. Her husband lifted his head to watch and pushed his hands tighter against her cheeks. He still wanted to make her know he was punishing her for denying him so long, and he wanted her to make him cum in her mouth and then swallow his hot spurting semen so she would remember later how she had been humiliated by her own husband.

Tommy could see her sucking like a two-dollar whore now and he could see Fred up behind her ramming his cock up between her flattened buttocks as though she were the cheapest slut they could have found on the street. His loins were growing hot and he was sweating between his legs and still she sucked, keeping his cock in her mouth, burying her face greedily in his loins until he knew he was nearing the end. The pressure, building in his balls slapping against her chin as she worked in her unconsciously abandoned passion, was

excruciatingly unbearable, and his cock seemed to inflate and lengthen beyond anything it had ever done before.

And then, suddenly, there was a shuddering jerk in his loins, and nothing in the world could have stopped the seething liquid flow that was rushing like a water-spout up from his aching balls and out the tip of his throbbing penis. He gripped his bride's head tight between his hands and shoved his cock deep up into her throat. She groaned over him as the first needle-thin spurt of hot pungent liquid flooded the back of her mouth, filling the avidly sucking cavity, bloating and stretching her cheeks until they almost burst. Her throat continued working gluttonously, swallowing and sputtering to keep from choking on the shooting sticky semen as he emptied his balls relentlessly into the depths of her virginal throat.

Tommy groaned and thrashed beneath her in uncontrollable ecstasy, and then his body quivered as he felt the last of his masculinity drained from his rapidly deflating penis. He was momentarily exhausted and had to hold her with his hands tangled in her hair to keep her from sucking him to death, for, to his amazement, his recently innocent wife would not let his deflated organ escape from her lips. She continued to suck gently, undulating her buttocks behind even tighter to Fred's pumping loins, and Tommy watched through desire-quenched eyes the tiny thin trails of white cum running down from the corners of her mouth to her chin below. He had never felt anything like this lewd explosion into his wife's wildly sucking mouth, and, in the weak satiated state he was in, he felt as though he would never again feel the need to fuck anyone.

He let his head roll weakly to the side and his eyes caught sight of Grace Furness with her legs obscenely splayed out as she finger-fucked herself, her buttocks grinding down into the mattress as she bucked and twisted in agonized pleasure. He stretched out his arm and forced his hand under her lewdly working, wet fingers to rub at her throbbing erect clitoris himself. She groaned loudly and removed her hands to let Linda's husband massage her steaming moist pussy.

Grace had a sudden desire to do something to Linda with her hands and reached up to the wildly rotating cunt only a few scant inches from her face. She could see the lust-thickened cock of her husband slipping faster and faster out of the fluid-drenched opening up between Linda's quivering thighs, and she reached up with her fingers to fondle the other woman's excitedly throbbing clitoris. The tiny bud was turgidly erect and flooded with hot moist vaginal juices, and the intense sensations of the older woman's touch caused the young bride Linda to groan and grind her buttocks back even harder onto Fred's now insanely fucking cock.

The awakened young wife felt her loins begin to erupt into heated

volcanic intensity as wet smacking noises resounded through the room with each cruel pile-driving lunge Fred Furness was making into her.

Grace Furness kept her extended middle finger slipping wetly over Linda's quivering pink clitoral bud, feeling at the same time with her other fingers the soft, soaked blonde pubic hair surrounding Linda's clinging pussy-lips which held and throbbed around Fred's cock like a tight rubbery mouth. With her other free hand Grace alternately cupped each tautly hanging breast of the younger woman, pinching and tweaking the pink swollen nipples.

Linda thought she was going to go crazy from the myriad wild sensations exploding throughout her thrashing body like fireworks in her bloodstream. She let her husband Tommy's slowly rejuvenating limp cock slip wetly from her lips and concentrated on the surging tides of her oncoming orgasm. Her body was slippery from the perspiration caused by the wild untamed gyrations of her ravenous body, and her head flailed uncontrollably back and forth over Tommy's stomach and pubic area as if she were beating him with a soft whip of tangled blonde hair. Her mouth hung wide open in ecstatic abandon like someone crazed and inhuman as she twisted and churned, spreading her legs wide apart and jerking her quivering ass-cheeks back against Fred's smashing loins, egging him on.

Suddenly, her reserve completely gone, she began to utter all the obscenities she had ever heard in a never-ending stream of words, completely unaware of where the sounds were coming from in her total lack of control.

"Oh, oh, deeper, deeeeper! Fuck me, fffuuuccckkk meeee!" she begged, gasping as if she were close to death. She was nearing her orgasm and swung her firmly clenching buttocks in wider and wider circles around the cock stroking into her like a battering ram knocking down the walls of all her resistance to sensuality. She was spiraling her cunt up and down crazily on his plunging, hotly growing cock, unconsciously jerking her throbbing clitoris in tinier circles on Grace's extended finger flipping wetly below. She had never in her life felt so many simultaneous physical pressures that were so good – she thought her whole body must have turned into a sensitively erect clitoris and that every inch of it was being stroked and sucked and fucked into oblivion.

"I'm cumming! I'm cumming! I'mmmmm cuuuummmmiiinnnggg!" she suddenly squealed in a high-pitched voice that sounded like a vibrato note from a blasting trumpet. "Ooohhh, fuck! I'm CUUUMMMIIINNGG!"

Her thrashing body arched high above the bed where she was balanced on her knees and elbows, not moving now, but quivering and jerking around the still pumping hard cock in a pulsating rhythm

that spewed her orgasmic fluids out around it and down hotly over the insanely throbbing clitoris to drench Grace's hand below.

Fred finally unclenched his teeth and decided he could afford to let himself go. He gripped the cheeks of her still rotating buttocks and squeezed with a crushing strength, feeling her involuntarily back up against his cunt-filling hardness for greater contact as great gasps of passion began spewing from his own throat.

"Here I come, baby," he grunted thickly. "Fuck back, fuck your ass back!" He spoke whatever words came to his reeling mind, repeating them over and over as the hot cum started to rise up like a steaming geyser from his balls. "Fuck your pussy back on it good! I'm filling your hot little pussy right NOWWWW!"

He rasped and groaned, increasing the pummeling viciousness of his strokes so that his pelvis smacked like a wooden paddle against the widespread flanges of her loins and his expanded thick cock dipped deep up into the far, deeply hidden recesses of her trembling belly.

He felt himself cumming and hooked his fingers harshly at the creased juncture of her thighs and belly, jerking her softly jouncing ass-cheeks up even tighter to him, grinding as far up into her openly yielding cunt as he could go, bringing groans of left-over passion from her lips that hung slackly open like a crazy woman's.

He gasped like a man kicked in the stomach, felt the bursting in his balls, heard her whimpering cry, and then with a deep soul-shattering grunt that echoed throughout the apartment, he exploded inside her, shooting his hot boiling sperm deep up into the warm clutching depths of her openly receptive cunt.

Fred Furness threw his head back and held himself poised like a vibrating steel spring locked together with her at the loins until the last unending spurt of semen ricocheted inside the confines of her softly quivering pussy, and then he collapsed sideways off her slightly undulating, wriggling body. His slowly deflating cock slipped back out of her still clasping cunt with a slight popping noise, the river of hot sperm he had shot far up into her seeping slowly out after him to trickle down the tender inner surface of her thighs.

Tommy had watched Linda's body-wracking orgasm with wide-eyed lewd fascination, still industriously and excitedly jiggling Grace's obscenely humping cunt and clitoris, until finally she groaned too and arched her back far up off the mattress, her loins and thighs quivering in a long drawn-out orgasm that seemed about to snap her body like a toothpick. Then she sank away from his hand wearily with a deep-throated sigh of satisfaction, and the four of them lay breathing heavily on the bed, their loins all palpitating like little wounded animals from the orgasmic intensity of the sensations they had given each other.

CHAPTER SEVEN

For what seemed an eternity, Linda rested as she was, up on her knees, her face lying on its side pressed into the wet depleted loins of her husband. Gradually the dizzying effects of all she had gone through since arriving at the Furness' apartment began to wear off and she was flooded with shame and humiliation once again. The defiled young housewife clenched her eyes tightly shut and helplessly remembered it all as though she were watching a movie recording the degradation she had just been subjected to – the beginning when she had heard the tape of her husband Tommy and his best friend's wife Grace; that first moment when it became clear what Fred Furness had in mind for her, followed by her helpless fear and humiliation when he had dropped his head down between her legs; and then, finally, the wild twisting and churning of their four bodies and the uncontrollably overwhelming sensations she had felt.

The formerly innocent bride had succumbed to those sensations, her inhibitions and prejudices totally destroyed by the ordeal she had gone through. Her nostrils caught the aroma around her on the bed. The smell of raw consummated lust covered Tommy's loins and filled the air of the room for all of them, herself included, from the wild orgy of salacious pleasure they had gone through. And she remembered too, as her dazed mind caught up with reality, the incredible eruption in her own belly as Furness had spewed his hot sperm deep up inside her. She had actually urged him on with obscene words and lewd thrusting gyrations of her thighs and hips! That was where the heat and warmth came from that she now felt so vividly in her belly. It was the great pool of white warm liquid that he had emptied into her, and she shuddered to recall how much she had wanted it at that moment, which seemed ages ago, even though only a few short minutes had passed.

She had begged him to do it and had urged him on with all her physical being like an obscene street whore enjoying her work. She had been trapped into it and frightened, but nothing could excuse her sudden lapse into uncontrollable passion that had deadened her sense of right and wrong – not even her vengeful desire to get even with Tommy for making love to another woman could excuse that.

She made a low moan like an injured child and slowly raised her head from Tommy's still slightly heaving stomach. She suddenly saw the sticky mixture of saliva and obscene white semen where her mouth had been, and she felt the weird new taste in her mouth, once more shuddering with degradation at what her own husband had forced her to do. Glancing surreptitiously up at his face, she saw that

he seemed to be in a state of utter exhaustion with his eyes closed as if in heavy sleep. Fred Furness and his wife Grace also appeared to be sleeping or resting in complete satiety, thin oblivious smiles of satisfaction on their lips. The ashamed young blonde slowly and carefully began to work her way out of the tangle of arms and legs on the big mattress, thinking that now was her chance to slip away unnoticed and escape from the perverse-minded crew she had somehow got mixed up with.

Tommy sensed the slight movement as Linda tried to remove herself from the bed and opened his eyes to a narrow slit to watch her disdainfully. Let the little bitch go, he thought viciously. He looked at her voluptuously hanging white breasts and on down to her scissoring thighs as she worked her way across the mattress, and then up to her tear and sweat-streaked young face. The look of open innocence that was there only a few hours ago was gone, replaced by an expression of weary, sensual knowledge that seemed to him at the same time familiar and unfamiliar. Struck by a sudden thought he shifted his eyes under his nearly closed lids and glanced at Grace Furness lying like a used broken doll down near his knees.

That was it. Grace and Linda had always resembled each other in many ways – the same lovely thighs and buttocks, the same billowing ripe breasts that looked good enough to eat, the same blue eyes and perfectly formed features. But now – now even that expression of lewd sensuality that telegraphed Grace's interest in screwing was beginning to show in small ways on Linda. At least, he told himself, it shows that she knows what it's like to lose herself in physical gratification.

In other words, she had become more than ever like the woman he had been fucking with lusty joy the last week or so, though Linda herself probably wasn't aware of it. But if what he was thinking was true, he reflected in surprise, then he should be happy that she had finally been turned on. His first reaction when he had seen her with Fred was to curse and revile her for it, but now he realized that it was more a triumph of what he had been longing for than any kind of defeat for him.

More than anything else he could imagine he would like to have her fuck him as wantonly as she had Fred Furness. That was exactly what he had always wanted, and now he saw it was possible to get it.

Without warning, he reached out and grasped Linda's wrist in his fingers. "It's okay, Linda honey. Don't go."

His sudden unexpected movement caught her by surprise and she reacted by sucking in her breath and trying to wrench her arm free of his grip. But he was too strong for her and her frantic attempt only served to attract the Furness' attention to her.

Immediately sizing up the situation, Fred Furness clamped his

fingers down over her ankle nearest to him and held her fast. "What's the matter, baby? Had enough fun and games?" he laughed harshly.

"Please, please," she cried in a quavering voice. "Let me go home. I-I can't take it any more," she pleaded, vainly struggling to release herself from their fingers that held her like steel traps.

"Not yet, baby. Not yet," snarled Furness. "Not until we make the final touchdown," he added, automatically slipping back into his football coach language.

"Hell, you might as well let her go," Grace Furness put in. "She doesn't look to me like she wants to play any more."

"Listen to Gracie. She just wants it all for herself," he winked broadly at Tommy. "But I have other plans for little Miss Purity here."

"W-what do you mean," Linda whimpered as she felt his grip tighten on her ankle. She shivered slightly as his other hand began to course playfully over her still upraised naked buttocks.

"I mean you're ready for the graduate course in 'How to Fuck and Keep Your Hubby at Home'," he leered.

Then suddenly he was rising up on the bed with his arm clamped around her narrow waist, his knees positioning themselves behind her on the mattress between her calves.

"Okay, Tommy, hold 'er down in front. I'm going to give you a little lesson in how to tame a blonde," he growled.

Oh God, would this horrible nightmare ever end! Linda thought, her fevered mind running helter-skelter looking for a way out of this room.

But Tommy obediently crushed her face down into the mattress so that she could barely breathe and she was trapped again for them to do with what they wanted. She couldn't even call out to attract the attention of the neighbors now, and all hope was gone.

She jerked as she suddenly felt Fred's hands on her buttocks behind, slowly drawing them apart.

"Take a look at that, Tommy. You can fuck her there in that tight little asshole. She'll like it, and never give you any more trouble, believe me. Just ask Grace."

Now that Grace Furness saw what was about to take place, she roused herself from the bed and positioned herself so that she could see it up close, her eyes a few scant inches from the widely spread half-moon buttocks. The obscene thought of the depraved unnatural ravishment about to take place right here a few inches in front of her face caused her to groan in guilty excitement and grind her own buttocks tightly down into the mattress. Her eyes passed from the tiny puckered pink mouth of Linda's exposed anus to Fred's monstrously rigid cock, once again throbbing in full erection, the thin blue veins pulsing around it. Grace opened her eyes wide in horrified wonder.

She had taken it from behind herself many times in the past and liked it, but this was the first time she had seen how huge a penis looked in comparison to an untried young anus. He would kill the girl, she thought. She would never be able to take a thing like that in her rectum; he would split her apart.

Fred stooped, and, grabbing both the sobbing girl's ankles, he pressured out harshly, pulling her legs wider apart.

"Oh God, no! Please no!" she whimpered into the bedspread as she felt the cool rush of air between her thighs. "I can't let you, I can't! Not that way!" She jerked her body wildly and tried to rise.

"Hold her! Dammit!" Fred yelled to Tommy who pushed his hand down hard into the small of his wife's back, pressing her upper body back hard into the mattress. Tommy's eyes were wide with apprehension and a kind of sadistic anticipation as he watched Linda's upthrust buttocks wiggle for a moment as she struggled. Then she lay still, panting into the mattress like a trapped animal paralyzed with fear.

Grace moaned involuntarily as she watched the lewd scene, her husband Fred's hands running greedily over the long firm muscles of Linda's shaking calves and up the inside of her inner thighs to the moistened interior of her legs. The cleft between them was deep and inviting and Grace shuddered in rising excitement as he slipped the edge of his hand down the smooth crease of Linda's buttocks, separating them slightly to reveal the quivering anus and the pinkly layered folds of her pussy below. Her own cunt throbbed excitedly from the indecent naked exposure of the young wife's genitals, and she could feel her own warm moist flesh palpitating inside like a fireball waking in her belly. She raised herself up onto her knees and moved forward a few inches toward Linda's quivering buttocks. She wanted to see it all, every tiny thing that happened.

Furness leered down at the cowering girl and slowly pressed his thumbs outward on either side of the tiny anal opening, revealing to his eyes the glistening pink flesh just inside the rubbery outer ring. He sucked in his breath as he stared at the softly pulsing opening made oval by the outward pressure of his thumbs. Still holding her anus in view with his left thumb, he thrust experimentally at it with the middle finger of his right hand. It was warm and soft but still dry to his touch, so he slipped the finger down into the moistness of her pussy below, then slid it up again to thrust its wet tip into her hotly cringing anus.

Linda jumped and cried out as she felt the unnatural intrusion into her virginal elastic opening, her buttocks tensing tightly together in an attempt to forcibly reject his finger. It was a hopeless evasion and Fred thrust forward harder, sinking it in to the first knuckle.

"Oooooh God, AAAAGH!" she gasped, squeezing her ass-cheeks as tightly together as she could, trapping his hand between her muscle-hardened buttocks.

"Open it," he commanded brutally, pushing with all his strength and popping his finger through the desperate but useless resistance past the second knuckle. She groaned aloud and then in helpless submission relaxed, her anus unresisting to be used as he wished.

As he now twirled studiously into her abused anus with his finger, widening and preparing it for the greater entry to come, Fred's wife Grace could see his other hand stroking and preparing his thick-veined cock for the final ultimate humiliation of the defenseless young newlywed upended before him. He slowly pulled the heavy foreskin back and aimed his thick swollen cock-head directly at the center of her widespread buttocks. With a slight pop his finger came out, leaving the tiny puckered rectal ring enlarged from his careful preparation.

Again he opened her buttocks wide with his thumbs, leaning forward over her so that the tip of his cock rested against the tiny throbbing hole moistened by the seminal fluid seeping from the gland at the end.

Linda could feel the pulsing glans of his penis probing against her for several seconds trying to fit it exactly in the tiny recoiling anus. She held her breath and prayed that this was all a nightmare and that she would wake up safe in her bed before he actually found the opening.

Then suddenly he did!

Fred pushed forward, and she felt a slight pop at her anus, followed by a sudden spasm of intense pain so unbearable that she twisted and moaned again and again, her voice muffled by the coverlet on the bed. Her buttocks were moving like a live animal thrashing to escape an impaling spear, but every jerk only helped drive his bluntly burning cock deeper and deeper inside her rectum.

"Aaaaaagh, uuuuuuugh!" she groaned, gasping out the last of her strength to resist as Furness' shaft slipped unimpeded up into her warm rubbery rectal depths. He was in her up to the hilt, and she jerked spasmodically for a moment and then lay still to ease the torture of his cruel and complete occupation of her nether opening. She could feel each throb of his blood-engorged penis against her widely stretched inner walls, each heartbeat serving to widen and stretch the narrow tunnel to greater and greater dimensions.

"Ohhhh God! It's a tight little ass-hole," Furness hissed through clenched teeth up behind her. He ground his teeth together and took several long smooth strokes into her, bringing a groan of humiliated pain from the young wife's tortured lips every time he thrust forward.

Leaning over Linda's back from the front to watch, her husband Tommy couldn't believe his eyes. The obscenely exciting sight was driving him crazy, as Furness' thick shaft disappeared again and again up into the clasping opening of her widespread buttocks, the elastic ring so tight it looked as though it would cut right through the turgid flesh of the rigidly impaling cock. Tommy could feel his own loins begin to stir into life again, his penis jerking slightly as he visualized sinking it into his wife's tantalizing rear entrance being blazed open for the first time.

"How do you like it in the ass, baby?" Furness grunted down at her, gritting his teeth from the excruciating agony her glove-tight anus was giving him.

His words of mockery and insult went unheard by Linda, who no longer felt human as the pulsating penis pushed against the back of her belly far inside. Little by little the pain in her rectum began to ease off, and the jungle instinct of survival buried deep in the mind began to reverberate through her brain. Her only hope was to make the painful ordeal end as soon as possible before she was driven completely out of her mind.

Furness suddenly groaned as he felt the young wife's anal muscles tighten around his throbbing rod of flesh buried inside her. It pulsed like a laboring heart and he couldn't believe his senses when her buttocks began a slow methodical rotation beneath him. His joy knew no bounds. He had conquered her, and, suddenly gasping and moaning in newfound delight, he jerked her almost weightless body up into closer contact with his loins and began to stroke rhythmically and deep far up into the velvety depths of her anus. He watched with amazed jubilance as the pinkish round skin of her puckered rectal ring drew back with the long swollen shaft, clasping it with pouting lips as though it did not want to let it go.

And then the impossible happened.

As Grace knelt in vicarious excitement observing the helpless Linda, she suddenly heard the low whining moans of pain change. They changed almost imperceptibly at first, and then to a tone that left no room for doubt. It was a low whimper of passionate pleading.

Linda was beginning to enjoy it!

It was a strange kind of masochistic joy, perhaps deriving from the very helplessness of her position and the way her anal rape was being watched by her own husband and the other man's wife. But whatever it was, she began to feel it, waving her fully rounded white ass-cheeks back at him lasciviously as though the tiny bit of whore in every woman had finally been reached and urged up out of the deepest recesses of her unconscious mind.

"Ooooooh, ohhhhhh," she moaned beneath him, and Furness

pressed forward as far as he could, pulling the soft cheeks of her buttocks wide apart to allow him to go deeper and deeper. His nearly bursting cock was buried to the hilt up in her impossibly expanded rectum, then was pulled back through the quivering anal muscles till only the tip-end remained lodged inside her, then stroked once more its full length all the way to the roots of her very being.

Suddenly, Furness gasped again as her hand reached down under her undulating body and gently cradled his balls, scraping her nails over them in a maddening teasing motion that brought deep-throated groans of pleasure from his lips.

"Oh yes, darling, fuck it like that," she crooned through her tightly clenched lips as he pumped up between her jiggling buttocks as hard as he could. She knew she could make him cum if she had to, and she had to end it! She mouthed words like cunt and fuck and shit to incite him to fuck faster and faster and end the delicious agony she felt.

Tommy had seen the change come over his new wife and had released her shoulders to get a better view of what was happening. He was on the verge of forcing Linda to take his re-hardened penis into her mouth again when Grace spoke to him.

The older woman was going out of her mind now. The sight of the helpless innocent Linda turning into a sex-crazed maniac was just too much. "Tommy!" she gasped as she continued watching her husband's plunging cock surrounded by the tiny pink edges of the young wife's anus. "Put it in me quick! In my ass! Quick, dammit!"

She was already up on her knees and stretching her half-moon buttocks wide apart even before Tommy could position himself up behind her. They were both facing the lewd sodomizing from only a few inches away as he laid the tip of his throbbing hot cock in the wide-open crevice of her buttocks. She lost no time, reaching back under her heaving torso to first wet the tip with her wildly flowing cuntal juices and then setting it in place at the narrow anus.

Tommy needed no further encouragement. His eyes riveted on the tiny place he was about to enter between her gyrating ass-cheeks, he locked his hands on her flaring hips and shoved forward with all his strength.

"Oooooh, God, it hurts! Aaaaagh!" Grace groaned, fighting to keep back the tears of pain threatening to flood into her eyes. She had forgotten it would hurt like this to have a throbbing, blood-filled cock slip up into her like a red-hot rod of steel.

But it wasn't long until her rippling anal muscles had gradually become accustomed to the thickness thrusting madly into her from behind, and once more she fixed her wide-open eyes on her husband's penis driving Linda mad with pleasure-pain, matching her motions with theirs as they rode out together now toward completion.

Linda moaned first.

"Aaaaaaagh! Oooooh God… Aaaaaaagh! Keep on, keep on!"

She was out of her mind with pleasure and began sobbing out her unexpected orgasm until it seemed it would never come to an end. The lewdly sodomized bride's fingers were working and slaving around Fred's cum-bloated balls beneath until finally he snorted out loud like a bull about to attack and plunged his exploding cock as far as it would reach up inside her wildly clasping anus, spurting endless streams of white-hot semen into her like lava from an erupting volcano.

As Furness grunted a final animal noise straight up from his chest and collapsed over Linda's back, flattening her body out on the mattress beneath him, Grace felt Tommy's thrusts in her anus quicken and climb to a dizzying tempo. He was already starting to gush his hot lust-juices into her from behind when she felt her own orgasm spread like lightning throughout her wildly bucking loins.

"Oooooh, cum, baby, cummmm!" she shouted back at him, her voice trembling with the shivering sensations flooding through her as she felt his great throbbing cock burst like a water pipe as he gave one last tremendous thrust onto the back of her upraised buttocks and emptied his hot sperm in wave after wave up into her obscenely pulsating rectum. She felt his hands on her hips lose their grip as he weakened from the draining orgasm, and she let herself collapse forward away from him onto the bed.

Tommy felt his now-depleted cock slip wetly out of her stretched anus and blindly collapsed with his face resting on her still gently undulating buttocks.

Just before he fell into an exhausted sleep, satiated beyond his wildest dreams, he caught a glimpse of his wife's young face as she lay pinned under Fred Furness' heavy body. She was already breathing gently and evenly, her eyes closed in fatigued dozing.

There was a strangely sensual smile of contentment on her unconscious face.

He dreamed then that she was Snow White and he was the Seven Dwarfs all rolled up into one man fucking her happily in all her bodily orifices at one time – and she was loving every minute of it… finally.